A New England Romance

PEABODY

Abbot Homestead, Milton

A New England Romance

THE STORY OF
EPHRAIM AND
MARY JANE PEABODY

(1809–1892)

Told by their Sons

THE distinguished architect, Robert Swain Peabody, left at his death in 1917 two manuscript volumes, in which he had told the story and collected the correspondence of his ancestors and members of his family. A part of this interesting material is now recast and condensed by his brother, Francis G. Peabody, to describe the romantic experiences and vicissitudes of their parents; and the narrative makes a graphic picture of New England courage and consecration a generation ago.

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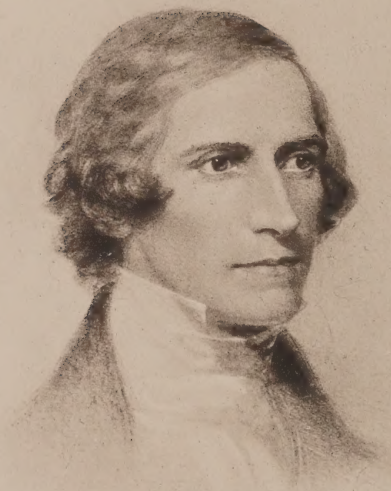
A NEW ENGLAND ROMANCE

EPHRAIM AND MARY JANE PEABODY



Ephraim Peabody

A NEW ENGLAND ROMANCE

THE STORY OF EPHRAIM AND MARY JANE PEABODY

[1807–1892]

TOLD BY THEIR SONS

With Illustrations

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

MY brother Robert, in his last illness, and for the most part in his bed, applied himself with unflagging energy to review the records of his family and narrate the story of his parents. What seemed an arduous task gave him much happiness; his bed was strewn with papers, and his enthusiasm in the details of research was indefatigable and contagious. At his death, in 1917, this material had already taken shape, and now fills two volumes of manuscript, embellished by sketches of the same distinction and charm which his earlier publications exhibit. This mass of reminiscences (421 typewritten pages) is, however, too unstudied in form and too intimate in character to be offered for general reading. The varying literary style suggests the shifting moods of invalidism. Sometimes it rises into artistic expression, but often it is discursive and autobiographical. The author would, it is believed, be the first to urge revision and excision before approving publicity. On the other hand, the material,

collected with such filial devotion, offers a tempting opportunity for rearrangement, omitting what seems accessory and expanding the central narrative; and in the following pages an attempt has been made to carry out this portion of the plan which my brother had in mind, with the hope that a gain in continuity and unity may not involve a loss in vivacity or discernment.

It is a story which, at many points, may be quite detached from domestic affection, and reports a romance which is typical of New England a century ago. The Spartan conditions of rural life among the New Hampshire hills; the ample luxury and large experience of the merchant-navigators of Salem; the meeting of these two diverse traditions; the growth of spiritual power from the hard soil of Puritan discipline, as a stately pine roots itself in a crevice of the rocks; the still more surprising growth of unworldly affection among circumstances of luxury and ease; the union of hearts which seemed divided by training and taste, and their glad acceptance of missionary service with its isolation and privation — all this makes a domestic drama of sunshine and shadow, of education and con-

secration, which illustrates the fibre and force of the New England character. Down from the hills comes the dreamy boy to college, and finds his satisfying ideal in the Christian ministry; out from her finery and frivolity steps the brilliant girl, and gaily encounters the vicissitudes of the frontier. Bereavement, poverty, and failing health attack them in vain. The husband remains an unworldly and spiritual seer; the wife a cultivated and masterful woman, of worldly experience and charm; and the two traditions of New England, the idealism of the hills and the commercialism of the cities, find themselves happily joined in the common desire for service. It is a story which might be told of many other families of the same region and the same period, and may prove not without interest, both to those who share similar inheritances and to those who care to trace the varied conditions of American life a century ago.

F. G. P.

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A NEW ENGLAND ROMANCE

EPHRAIM AND MARY JANE PEABODY

A NEW ENGLAND ROMANCE

CHAPTER I

Ephraim

EPHRAIM PEABODY was born on March 22d, 1807, in Wilton, New Hampshire; being the third of his name in direct succession, and of the seventh generation from Lieutenant Francis Peabody, who, as "a husbandman of twenty-one years of age," migrated in 1635 from Saint Albans, in Hertfordshire, and settled, first in Ipswich, and later in Topsfield, where he died in 1697. Ephraim the second (1776–1816) was the village blacksmith of Wilton, succeeding his father (1742–1803) in this trade, and inheriting the smithy, which had been set up at a spot convenient for travellers, on a pleasant meadow by the bank of the Souhegan River. Near the smithy the son built a commodious house, which still stands on the "Intervale," under a majestic elm, picturesque even in its decay, and held together by nails which the builder made with his own hands. Like

so many other New England craftsmen of that period, the second Ephraim Peabody was a trusted citizen, being appointed a Justice of the Peace, a Selectman of his town, and in 1815–16, a member of the State Legislature. The work of the smithy had been a training in integrity and force.

On the hill above the Intervale lived Squire Abiel Abbot, the leading representative of a large family of sturdy Yorkshire stock, whose descendants have been wont to pride themselves, with nice discrimination, on being the Abbots with one "t." George Abbot, the original emigrant, had come over as a Puritan protestant about 1640, and, as a genealogist of the family remarks, "built him an ample cabin covered with thatch or bark from trees at Andover. . . . His house was a garrison, and was used as such for many years after his death." His descendants for the most part continued to be farmers, tilling their rocky acres. "Four of the seven farms occupied by George Abbot and his sons were two hundred years later in possession of the descendants of the first settlers. One hundred and three of these descendants had graduated from college." "Squire Abiel Abbot was a stanch Whig, an officer of the militia during the

THE HOUSE ON THE INTERVALE

War of the Rebellion, and a deacon of the church" — in short, the principal citizen of his secluded village. The Abbots with one "t" have been justly described as "a folk singularly well-balanced, and renowned for common sense. They were independent, sedate, equable people, given to plain living and high thinking. . . . They were characteristically rather slow of mind and cautious in decision, but their deliberate opinions were well-considered and carried weight."

Ephraim Peabody the second, having inherited his modest patrimony and established himself in his trade, showed his appreciation of these qualities in the Abbots by courting the Squire's daughter Rhoda; and though she may have been "cautious in decision," and may even have held herself, like her homestead, somewhat above the level of her suitor, yet in 1805 her "deliberate opinion" inclined to the handsome blacksmith, and she descended from Abbot Hill to be his bride at the house on the Intervale. It was a union of two unadulterated English stocks, each inheriting the traditions of Puritanism for a century and a half, and both being bred in the simplicity and piety of primitive New England. In 1816 the husband, though but forty years of

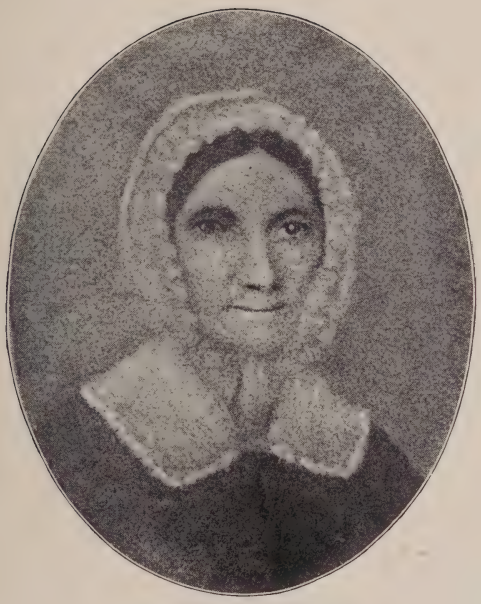
age, died, leaving his widow with two children, Ephraim and Dorcas. Thirty-seven years later the son Ephraim, while travelling in England, fell in with a Manchester manufacturer, "the head of a firm sending twelve million dollars' worth of goods annually to America," who, as the tourist writes, "after talking awhile closed the door, and told me he was born within half a mile of me, and for some reason had his name changed. He was much moved. Gave me his history, a varied but noble and successful one. Urged me much to stay at his house. Knew my father very well. Says he was a very superior man. Remarkable for sound judgment and an amiable temper. It was a very singular meeting. I did not know he was alive."

The Squire's daughter, thus left with scanty means to rear her two children, was a woman of severe beauty, with deep-set eyes, and a strength of will which was not less characteristic of her family than their Puritan piety. Her brother Abiel (1765–1859), who survived until his ninety-third year, had graduated from Harvard College in 1789, and was there created a Doctor of Divinity in 1838. His early ministry in Connecticut was abbreviated by discipline for laxity of doctrine, but in

the cooler atmosphere of New Hampshire he became the typical patriarch of the faith, the counsellor and consoler of the countryside. His white locks added to his authority, and his pastoral cane pointed the way of rectitude. "During the last winter of his life," a grandson records, "he made it a point to read every day two chapters of the New Testament in the original Greek. . . . In the evenings I read to him several treatises of Cicero. . . . I continued this until the last Friday before his death, and I remember that on that evening he let the usual hour of retiring go by in his interest of what was read."

Another uncle of Rhoda Peabody, Samuel Abbot, was also a notable man, being the first to utilize the mill-power of the abundant streams which hurried through the Wilton valley, and to invent a process for extracting starch from potatoes, which brought him — what was rare among the Abbots with one "t" — commercial prosperity. For the most part these upland farmers trained their sons either to till the barren soil or, if of frail physical promise, to become teachers or preachers. The Puritan tradition still maintained religion as the central theme of interest, and found in the Old Testa-

ment an interpreter of New England experience. Children were not so much christened as Hebraized in infancy, and — with little reference to the merit of historic personages or to the penalty inflicted on descendants — were burdened with the names of Dorcas and Ephraim, of Zebediah, Caleb, or Asa. Yet this daily intimacy with the Bible contributed much to chasten habits, to refine speech, and to quicken imagination. "I am certain," wrote Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, "that the constant contact with the Bible with my childish mind was a very great mental stimulant, as it certainly was the cause of a singular and vague pleasure. The wild, poetic parts of the Prophecies, with their bold figures, vivid exclamations and strange Oriental names and images, filled me with a quaint and solemn delight. Where Kedar and Tarshish, Pul and Lud, Chittim and the Isles, Dan and Beersheba were, or what they were, I knew not, but they were fixed stations in my realm of cloud-land. I knew them as well as I knew my grandmother's rocking-chair; yet the habit of hearing of them only in solemn tones, and in the readings of religious hours gave to them a mysterious charm. I think no New Englander, brought up under the régime established by the Puritans,



RHODA ABBOT PEABODY

could really estimate how much of himself had actually been formed by this constant face-to-face intimacy with Hebrew literature."

Thus, while there was already blowing across the New Hampshire hills the breeze of liberal theology, the habits and customs of the Wilton folk remained grave and even anxious, as though in the presence of death and final judgment. Playfulness was untimely, and levity sacrilegious. "*Ut migraturus habita*," was the practical creed inculcated even for merry boys. The twinkle which her grandchildren sometimes detected in Rhoda Peabody's eyes retreated as if ashamed, and the capacity for humor in her daughter Dorcas was sternly, though not always successfully, repressed. Puritan thrift kept the home from poverty, and Puritan habits disguised affection. Rhoda's son later said that he could not remember that his mother ever kissed him. Yet the conscientious devotion of the widow to her children became recognized in their correspondence if not in their embraces. "Why should I not say to you, dear mother," wrote her son from college, "how much I owe to you (and Dorcas would say the same) from childhood? You will smile, perhaps, but I cannot re-

member you ever saying a harsh or angry word; you have always taught Dorcas and me to be disinterested and kind and considerate of others; taught it more in your acts than words; and if we are not conscientious and upright it is not the fault of your teachings or life. There, that is the truth. I consider that Dorcas and I have had as good a mother as ever lived, and that it would be strange enough if we could be other than an affectionate brother and sister. I do not often say such things — but I think when you are suffering pain you ought to know that your children love each other and love you and feel that they owe more to you a thousand fold than they can ever repay. Neither Dorcas nor I are in the habit of saying such things and we mean it more strongly than we say."

Such were the frugal yet favorable circumstances in which the youthful Ephraim accepted the discipline of life. At the age of fourteen he began a journal, recounting the daily occupations and recreations which then seemed appropriate for a growing lad among the birds and flowers of early springtime, but which would be sufficient to drive a modern boy to desperate deeds.

"1821, *Monday*, *March* 5. I studied as usual and learned 20 verses in the Bible.

"*March* 6. In the morning I learned 11 verses in the Bible. I studied the principal part of the forenoon, but in the afternoon I played.

"*Wednesday*, 7. I got my lesson by about two o'clock. After that I read in the Encyclopædia.

"*Sunday*, 11. Did not go to Meeting, Mr. Beede not being able to preach, but learned 20 verses in the Bible.

"*Monday*, 12. Chopped wood the principal part of the time till about night. . . .

"*Tuesday*, 13. Did nothing but read, write, play and whittle. . . .

"*Sunday*, 17. Learned 157 verses in the Bible. . . .

"*Saturday*, 31. Chopped wood considerable part of the time.

"*Sunday*, *April* 1. Learned 156 verses in the Bible and read the paraphrase on part of the book of Job and part of the poem on the Last Day by Edward Young.

"*Monday*, *April* 2. Chopped wood the principal part of the time. Learned 15 verses in the Bible.

"*Tuesday*, *April* 15. Read the 10th Eclogue. In the afternoon saw some young partridges. Went a-fishing. About 4 o'clock began to fish. In three hours catched 63 fish with Uncle Samuel.

"*Sunday*, 27. Went to meeting, where Mr. Beede preached from 2nd Timothy, Chap. 3, 16 verse, and in the afternoon from the Psalms. Read some in Baxter's 'Saints' Everlasting Rest' and in Scougal's 'Life of God in the Soul of Man.'"

Did not the scurrying of the young partridges, one wonders, suggest to the boy something of the life of God in the soul of nature which Scougal could not teach? Did not the fisherman's activity of April 15th solace the boy's mind as he bent over the "Saints' Rest" on the 27th?

About this time it became necessary to find for the children more adequate schooling than their village provided. The Wilton folk had become pledged to education as the primary obligation of citizenship, and these frugal families, with many sacrifices at home, resolutely demanded the best that education had to give. In 1839, when the town celebrated its one hundredth anniversary, and during a period when the population

THE ABBOT HOMESTEAD, ABBOT HILL, WILTON

numbered from six hundred to twelve hundred, eleven boys had graduated from Harvard College, six from Dartmouth, four from Bowdoin, one from Yale, one from Amherst, and one from Middlebury. Of these twenty-four, thirteen had proceeded in their education to the ministry, three to the medical profession, and four to the practice of law. Ten of the twenty-four were named Abbot, and others, like Ephraim Peabody, were Abbots by blood though not by name. Speaking to his fellow-townsmen at the Centennial Celebration, Ephraim Peabody recalls these sacrifices of his ancestors. "Our comforts," he said, "speak of their hardships; our advantages, of their deprivations. In laborious poverty they accumulated these abundances for their children"; and later he adds these notable comments on the local character: "It is not known that any native of Wilton has ever committed a crime which has subjected him to any of the severer penalties of the law. It may be owing to this that Wilton has never been able to support a lawyer. The only one that was ever able to stay in the town was, I am told, starved out in about three months." It was, therefore, the normal tradition of domestic life which determined

Rhoda Peabody to send her boy to Exeter Academy and her girl to a boarding-school at Keene; and the correspondence between mother and daughter indicates both the economies practised at home, and the range of study and recreation encouraged at school.

DORCAS PEABODY TO MRS. RHODA PEABODY

"*Keene, June* 17, 1826

"My dear Mother:

". . . You asked me to write you how I spent the Sabbath. I will tell you as nearly as I can. In the morning we are called between five and six. We have to be up and our beds made, or be up and washed. We have breakfast between six and seven and between eight and nine have prayers; and soon after prayers we have to get ready to go to meeting, and when we come home from meeting at night we have prayers when Miss Fiske is able. Then we have our dirty clothes to pick up and carry to the wash-room and in the evening we have some luncheon brought into the chambers and have a chapter to read over and recite to Miss Fiske. After prayers she goes into all the chambers Sunday evening and hears them recite a lesson and takes their

characters. We tell her what we have done during the week, whether we have been up in season and gone to bed in season, and what we have read during the day. If we have been punctual in all of these things she puts down *good* marks in a little book made for the purpose, but if not she puts down *bad* ones. I believe I have not had any yet. . . ."

RHODA PEABODY TO HER DAUGHTER DORCAS

"*Wilton, July* 27, 1826

"My dear Daughter:

"I have bought you 4 1/4 yds. of gingham to make a gown. I could not find any calico that I liked very well — not so well as this. I gave .48¢ a yard. Harriet has one like it. I have put in a piece of cloth for lining. You may take it or the cloth you carried with you. I don't care which. I took more than a pattern for a gown, as here was all of the piece and Hopkins threw in some rather than not have me take it. I thought it would come in use. I have cut off what I think will be a good pattern for a gown. I did not know but it would be a temptation for your mantua-maker if you carried it all to her. I think, however, I will send

the remnant. Perhaps you will like to make use of it for something. If not it will not be much to fetch it back when you come home. I have not coloured any stockings, but will send you a pair which you can use if you should be wanting some. If you work a vandyke you must not devote your time to that when you should be studying. . . .

"Your affectionate Mother

"R. P."

Among these Spartan counsels and frugal warnings it is a relief to come upon one subject of correspondence which reveals the mother as not wholly indifferent to the graces of life, and as perhaps already aware of the daughter's tendency to angularity.

RHODA PEABODY TO HER DAUGHTER DORCAS

"*Wilton, June* 28, 1825

"My dear Daughter:

". . . Concerning the instruction in dancing of which you write, I have no objection against your attending. My chief objects in having you attend are that you may have more exercise than a little walking now and then, which I think would conduce to your health and better

enable you to apply with energy to your studies. Another object is that you may get rid of any awkward habits of moving which you may have acquired and learn to conduct in company and in entering and leaving it with unaffected ease and propriety without either the appearance or feelings of awkwardness. As to mere skill in dancing, or dancing itself, they are in my opinion too unimportant to occupy much the thoughts of any person of sense either for it or against it. Though while you are in the dancing-room I would have you attend to it with that care, nice observation and animation, that you may derive from it all the improvement both in manner and health which it is susceptible of affording to you; but you must not fail to remember that like the sports and recreations of common schools which are had in the intermissions, you should banish it from your mind as soon as out of the room and not suffer it to invade your studies. If you find the exercise of dancing disturbs your head in the least at your studies it is unsuitable for you and you should at once give up the discipline of your heels in order to promote that of your head and heart which is more important. You will undoubtedly, I hope, have the discretion and civility not to tease or impor-

tune others to attend with you who are not so disposed. It would be a piece of impertinence and ill-manners to be inquisitive of the motives of any who see fit to decline. Those who are disposed to decline because they apprehend that their parents may dislike dancing are deserving of commendation whether that dislike be well or ill founded. . . ."

It is not surprising that so restrained a teaching left the daughter unscathed by frivolity, and that her latter days exhibited a rigidity, both of disposition and of demeanor, which suggested that lessons in dancing had proved for her an unremunerative extravagance.

It happened that Rhoda Peabody's cousin, Benjamin Abbot, was at this time Head-Master of Phillips Academy, Exeter, and thither, at the age of thirteen, the boy Ephraim was sent. In three years he was prepared for advancement, and in 1823 entered Bowdoin College, graduating in 1827, when twenty years of age. On his way from New Hampshire to Maine he passed for the first time through Boston, and thus describes the impressions of the metropolis and of its topographical eccentricities made on a country lad of sixteen.

"*Bowdoin College*, 1825

"My dear Mother and Sister:

"... You would perhaps like to know something respecting my journey to Brunswick. I was in Boston three days. I arrived there about noon on the day on which I started from Chelmsford. That afternoon I spent very pleasantly in walking about and seeing the wonders of the great city. I tried a considerable time to find the street in which Cousin Sarah Abbot lives, but was unable to find it, and after hunting for a long time I by chance happened to think to whose house I should go after I had found the right street, and discovered that I had fairly forgotten with whom she lived; so I turned round and got back to my tavern as well as I could; in doing which, by the way, I travelled over considerable more ground than there was any need of, as I suspect since. At the end of several half-hours and after walking quite fast and making a great variety of turnings, I found myself in the same street in which I was at the beginning."

Here was the first chance to see the sights or yield to the temptations of the city; for he was detained two

days awaiting the departure of a "steamer-boat" to Portland; but his incorrigible seriousness of mind did not permit him even to realize that history in its most instructive form lay directly before his eyes to observe and enjoy: "The two remaining days I had the headache most of the time and my feet were so much blistered by walking over the pavements that I did not venture far from my tavern. These two I assure you I passed unpleasantly enough, and I should have passed them more unpleasantly if I had not had the advantage of a circulating library. I read, when in Boston, the second volume of 'Redgauntlet,' Moore's 'Lalla Rookh' and Everett's 'Orations.'"

The record of his Freshman year at Bowdoin College indicates little relief from the severe discipline of literary and theological reflection in which he had thus far been trained.

"I have been reading," he writes to his sister, "of late, some parts of Burke's works, Cappe's sermons, Sully's memoirs, a little of controversial theology, the life of Patrick Henry, 'Bracebridge Hall,' and some such things. The life of Patrick Henry is very interesting, although I should have many doubts of his being

so perfect a man as he is represented to be. The author has evidently taken much pains to gloss over his faults and magnify his virtues. He was undoubtedly a man who possessed great powers of mind and great talents for orations, but the author has made him almost a God. Sully's memoirs are interesting, particularly so to me as I know but little respecting the customs of France and the period in which he lived, or indeed of any period. I intend hereafter to read metaphysical works principally, for which I have several reasons; some of which are that I may get in the habit of thinking more, that I may strengthen my memory, and that I may gain some knowledge respecting them. Another is that I may pass the time more pleasantly when we study such works than I should be able to if I read nothing but Lives, Histories, Novels, etc."

During his second year, however, the sharp edges of his conscience seem to be somewhat frayed; for he indulges himself in what might be mistaken for recreation and even in something approaching pranks. He writes a poem in praise of tobacco, though he knew its effects only through imagination; and his second jour-

ney from Wilton is described in the normal vein of a happy Sophomore:

"*October*, 1825

". . . At Milford I went to bed about ten, waked up at 4 and got up at 1/2 past 4 (i.e. slept six hours only). You must recollect that I slept 8 or 9 at home and did not rise until 7 or 8 in the morning. Arrived at Boston about dark. Eat supper and went to the Theatre. Got back to the tavern at 1/2 past 11. Sat up till 12 to make myself sleepy. But not able to make Morpheus listen to my invocations while sitting in a chair, concluded to try if he would be more propitious when in bed. Mail stage to start at 2 in the morning. Gave orders to the barkeeper not to wake me until 5 minutes before the stage started. Waked at 1/2 past 1 by the barkeeper with the exclamation 'Stage 's ready,' he not knowing that I belonged to College, where they get out of bed only 3 minutes before they must be in the Chapel. Waited 1/2 hour for the stage to start. Slept 1 1/2 hours, however. Stage drove off at 2. Company, — cross woman and squally baby; Scotchman just emigrated, French Canadian, traveller with his quizzing-glass, a Virginian come to find a market for his cotton

and tobacco; one whom I could find out nothing about; and I, — E. Peabody. Tried to get asleep, but the child with its squalling and the Frenchman with his elbows at my side, would not let me. Breakfasted at Newburyport. Stopped at Hampton Falls one day. Next day, Saturday, started again for Brunswick. Stage very full all the way. Very smoky. Arrived at Portland at 9. Went to bed at 11. Rose the next morning at 1/2 past 3. Stage started for Brunswick at 1/4 before 4. Arrived in Brunswick some time in the forenoon rather sleepy and tired."

Most promising of all in this wholesome relaxation of sobriety was his participation in an elaborate hoax, which the college students perpetrated on the unsuspecting town of Brunswick. In the course of Lafayette's triumphal tour of the country, it was rumored — perhaps by a conspiracy of clever students — that he was to be received at Bowdoin College. At the hour of his expected arrival the bells were rung, a cannon was fired, and business halted that the town-folk might watch the spectacle. The procession marched through the main street, its mock hero saluting the faculty and

even kissing the ladies, amid what is described as an "agony of enthusiasm."

At this point also, in his academic life, the poetic strain in Ephraim Peabody's nature first asserted itself in many verses and essays of the reflective type most esteemed in that period. A college journal, the "Escritoir," of which he was an editor, had a brief and languishing existence in 1826 and 1827, and after a few months it was sadly announced, in the best of Addisonian manner, that "With the present number the 'Escritoir' will cease to be published. . . . The 'lady of exquisite sensibility' has been shocked at our pictures, and the boisterous and unfeeling have condemned us for our language. . . . Few have patronized and many censured." The reputation of the young editor-poet had, however, become considerable. At his College Society he "delivered a poem in Spenserian stanzas," and at Commencement, in 1827, his part was a poem on the "Becalmed Ship" — a title curiously suggestive of that temporary absence of a determined course which is characteristic of many young orators on their Commencement Day. These early experiments in versification are diffident in tone, and their themes now

appear somewhat remote or unreal. The Romantic poets, Gray, Cowper, and Wordsworth, were directing the impulses of young Americans to reflective and descriptive verse, and the restraints of Puritanism chastened expression. Thus in Ephraim Peabody's lines there is perceptible the struggle of a fine imagination to free itself from limited or unassimilated experience; and reality of feeling is to be detected through artificiality of form. His Commencement poem is genuine but self-distrustful.

> "No poet asks your ears [it begins], but as a brook
> May catch some sunlight in an opening nook
> My slight memorial lines, I fain would dream
> May take a consecration from their theme."

His reflections, called "A Night in the Woods," rise into an almost Wordsworthian strain. His "Skaters' Song" has an agility and momentum which tempt one to believe that the ascetic student occasionally permitted himself an afternoon on the river:

> "Away! away! — our fires stream bright
> Along the frozen river,
> And their arrowy sparkles of brilliant light
> On the forest branches quiver.

"Away, away, o'er the sheeted ice,
Away, away, we go;
On our steel-bound feet we move as fleet
As deer o'er the Lapland snow.

. . . . . .

"But as for me, away, away,
Where the merry skaters be,
Where the fresh wind blows and the smooth ice glows,—
There is the place for me."

The literary skill and refinement thus exhibited were remembered at Bowdoin College. Twenty years later, in 1847, he returned as Phi Beta Kappa orator; in 1848 he was created Doctor of Divinity, and in 1852 he was the Poet at the Centennial of the College.

The next step in education was predetermined for Ephraim Peabody, both by his own temperamental piety and by the training he had received under his saintly but heterodox uncle. He migrated from Maine to Massachusetts, and enrolled himself as a student in the Harvard Divinity School, from which institution he graduated in 1830. "I have entered my name," he writes, "in the school and have attended one reading of a dissertation in proof of a God; and from the specimens of argument I heard I fear I have written verse

too much and argument too little." This lack of argumentative force was soon corrected under the hands of the erudite Andrews Norton and the saintly Henry Wares, father and son; and perhaps still more through association with a group of students, of whom the most distinguished in later life were the preacher, George Putnam, and the historian, Frederick Hedge. Yet the temperamental inclination to self-examination and introspection was encouraged by the studies of the school, and the only relief from the severity of argument was in the habit of verse-making. It was a period of docile acquisition and devout reflection, from which he emerged, like so many other students for the ministry, well-fitted for the life of heaven, but singularly unprepared to meet the problems of a disturbed and unredeemed world.

The next phase of Ephraim Peabody's education was, therefore, precisely what his nature most needed and welcomed; and for so sheltered and unsophisticated a youth it provided a considerable adventure from the world of abstraction into that of reality. An organization of Dutch merchants, known as the Holland Land Company, which had made loans to the new Republic

of the United States in its financial needs, had invested the payments of these loans in tracts of land in the unexplored interior of the country; and to supervise this somewhat speculative investment the Company had designated certain agents, of whom the second was Harm Jan Huidekoper, a Dutchman of good descent, high integrity, and firm initiative. Mr. Huidekoper had made his home in the remote village of Meadville, Pennsylvania, where he controlled great areas of territory, leasing and selling lands to settlers with what appeared to be satisfactory profits to his employers; but unaware that underneath these farms and forests lay the vast deposits of oil which in 1859 were discovered to be so astonishingly rich. The Holland Land Company owned, in fact, the Oil Creek region, whose surface overflow was occasionally used for illuminating purposes, but where not even the observant Huidekoper suspected the treasures below. It was a complicated business which he conducted, involving many claimants and much litigation, and demanding in its administrator high qualities both of financial ability and moral integrity; and these qualities sustained Mr. Huidekoper in times of financial stringency and of political friction.

This admirable administrator had, by diligent study of Scripture and by serious reflection, reached the position of the Unitarians of his time, and being of a courageous and persistent nature he desired that his children should be instructed by a tutor holding these convictions, and that his community should have a preacher of this faith. This twofold function was discharged by a series of young men who became inmates of his household and ministers of an infant church; and the second of these was Ephraim Peabody, who reached Meadville in June, 1830, after a formidable journey, which he thus describes to his mother:

"*Steam Boat Alleghany, Lake Erie*
"*June* 2, 1830

"We have just got out upon the lake — and the same waters are rolling and roaring in my ears that echoed to the thunders of Perry. I am writing in a cabin that is almost dark. We have been detained in Buffalo half a day by a strong head-wind. The lake is rolling now like the Atlantic. . . . I have had for the most part a very pleasant journey. Rather tough riding over the Green Mountains. Started from Brattleboro

at 2 o'clock A.M. Wretchedly cold. Rode on and on, up mountain and down mountain. At length, three miles this side of Bennington, at a corner, we broke from the woods, and looked down from the tops of the mountains into the most glorious prospect I ever beheld. The vast valley with Bennington in its centre and walled in by south sloping mountains lay beneath like a picture. The sides of the hills covered with farms and trees and beautifully laid out. . . ."

"*Meadville, June* 4

"Arrived here at last, on Thursday evening."

No more educative experience could have been offered to a cloistered mind than this abrupt transition to the free life of the West. It was an out-of-door treatment which was the best of tonics for his soul. The change emancipated the young man from himself, and let loose all the nomadic and nature-loving instincts which had led his ancestors into a wilderness, but which his Puritan up-bringing had sternly repressed. His love of beauty responded to the new habit of life, and his letters seem to be those of a different creature from the self-distrust-

ful mystic of the Divinity School. Thus within a few months he writes again:

"*September* 27, 1830

"I have fine health. I take more exercise than ever I did before in my life — five times as much. I go a-shooting almost every day and carry a gun mile after mile. I am getting to be so expert a shot that I begin to grow sick of shooting at anything except it be on the wing. Let me see! How many kinds of birds have I shot flying? — hawks, crows, pigeons, quails, woodcock. Woodcock-shooting is capital, they are hardly ever shot except on the wing, and it is hard shooting them. I bagged two yesterday. We have good dogs, pointers or setters, and good guns. We sally out into the cornfields — Hie away Basto — hie away Cora — Carlo — hie away — hie away. Hist — Cora is setting. Draw up slow — gun cocked — finger on the trigger. All ready? Move on — slowly. Up jumps the woodcock — away he whirs swift as lightning. Crack go the guns — hurra — I brought him. Hie away Cora — Carlo — find him — here he is. Good fellow Cora — Good fellow Carlo — you set finely. Good fellows — hie away again. Oh, 'tis magnificent."

Having ventured so far, and with such exhilaration of spirit, from his home surroundings, Ephraim Peabody was tempted to go farther, and in 1832 accepted a call to the ministry in Cincinnati, Ohio, where a little group of New England migrants and kindred spirits, "being desirous," as their first statement of principles said, "of advancing the cause of pure and undefiled religion, united together to form a Christian church." The Ohio valley was at that time farther from New Hampshire, both in days and in difficulties of travel, than Alaska is to-day, and the young minister, then but twenty-five years of age, hastened West with the same self-effacing enthusiasm which now carries a missionary to foreign lands. A warm welcome awaited him as he undertook the multifarious tasks of this isolated church of an unwelcomed faith; where, between November and May, he preached — as he records — more than sixty sermons. To this modest ministry he dedicated himself with solemn vows, searching his heart and noting in his diary what appeared to him his foibles and sins:

"This day I am ordained, and knowing how easily I am led into what is wrong I form these rules for my

conduct, resolving with the blessing and aid of Him whose blessing always rests on a good intention, to conform my life to them. I resolve . . .

"Never to criticize the conduct of others in this Society or, if it be so, only to bring their good qualities to light or to excuse their failings or errors. To talk, not about persons, but things — to be kind in my demeanor and to cultivate trust towards all the kind expressions and actions of others — to be in short a brother and a son to my Parish. To think as much as possible of the good of others and as little as possible of my personal benefit. . . . To talk and think little of myself. . . . To make my sermons as practical as I am able to, and to avoid discussing controverted points which shall give rise to bad passions. . . . To remember that I am a minister of Christ — to endeavor to show this in my conduct — to feel it in my heart. . . . That I may abide by these resolves, I seek His aid from Whom all strength and all good comes."

Fortunately for his intellectual equilibrium and spiritual refreshment there were within the range of coöperation, though not of companionship, two other young missionaries of the Unitarian faith, of rare gifts and studious

habits — James Freeman Clarke, at Louisville, Kentucky, and William G. Eliot, at St. Louis, Missouri. The three friends, confident in the belief that the generous West was to be a fertile harvest-field for liberal Christianity, united in editing a journal called "The Western Messenger," which for six years (1835–41) was conducted with much energy and originality, and became an organ, not only of theological argument, but of notable literary productions. Young Clarke was an eager student of the German poets, then strangers to most Americans, and translated passages from Goethe and Schiller (December, 1835; July, 1836). It happened also that Thomas Keats, the brother of the poet, had settled in Louisville, and from him Mr. Clarke obtained a series of contributions from the miraculous youth in England — a letter from John Keats to his brother with verses inspired by "Fingal's Cave" (June, 1836); extracts from a journal written by the poet when he was twenty-two years old "during a pedestrian tour through parts of England and Scotland," and entitled, "Winander Lake and Mountain and Ambleside Fall" (June, 1836); and — what was most noteworthy — the lovely Hymn to Apollo (April, 1836), beginning: —

"God of the golden bow,
And of the golden lyre,
And of the golden hair,
And of the golden fire.
Charioteer
Of the patient year!"

An obscure, denominational magazine, published on the frontiers of civilization, which could prefix to this contribution the note, "The following beautiful poem is for the first time published from the original manuscript, presented to the Editor by the Poet's brother — Ed.," deserves, even for this alone, permanent appreciation.[1]

[1] This precious manuscript, given by George Keats to James Freeman Clarke, is now in the possession of the latter's son. Its yellow and torn pages carry no title, and bear the marks of hasty composition and correction. In the *Western Messenger* it is described as an "Ode," and this title seems quite as appropriate as that of a "Hymn" which was given to it by later editors. Line 8 offers a tempting problem for the higher critics. In the manuscript itself and, with scrupulous fidelity, in the *Western Messenger*, it runs,

"When like a blank ideot I put on thy wreath,"

but in later editions, though derived from this source, the change is made to "idiot." Is the original text to be regarded as a lapse in spelling, or may it be the revival of an archaic word which the poet prized? If the first solution be accepted, revision is, of course, justified; if, on the other hand, a fine sensitiveness for early English use is indicated, then the self-depreciating title which the poet accepts for

Ephraim Peabody contributed to the "Western Messenger" various controversial articles, which, it is evident, were to him an obligation rather than a satisfaction to compose; and many descriptive essays and verses in which his peculiar gifts were more conspicuous. "Objections to Unitarianism" (1837) and "God Manifest in Christ" (1837) represent the writer's sense of duty to a Cause; "Discovery in the Mississippi Valley" (1836) and the vivid poem, "The Backwoodsman," beginning, "The silent wilderness for me," represent his intellectual inclination and delight.

The stimulating conditions of Western life waked in Ephraim Peabody a further quality, which would have seemed an improbable endowment of his guileless

himself might seem not wholly inapplicable to his modernizing editors. (The Oxford Dictionary and Richardson's Dictionary give numerous examples of the earlier form, among which I have verified: Shakespeare (First Folio, 1623), *Troil. & Cress.* v, 1, "Thou . . . Idoll of Ideot Worshippers"; Jer. Taylor, *Doct. Dub.* (1st ed. 1660), p. 40, "The holy & innocent ideot, or plain, easy people of the Laity"; *Spectator*, No. 447 (1712), "Dr. Plot, in his History of Staffordshire, tells of an ideot, etc." Professor Lowes kindly calls my attention also to two lines of Keats's contemporary, Shelley: "Hellas," ed. 1822, 357, "When earthquake is unleashed, with ideot fear"; "Triumph of Life," ed. 1877, 499, "A baby's or an ideot's brow.")

and unsophisticated mind. Veteran parishioners in Cincinnati, who could look back after a full half-century to his brief ministry there, have testified to his children that their young pastor seemed to them not only singularly devout and poetic, but of exceptional wisdom and insight as a counsellor in worldly affairs. People came to him in their financial troubles, though he neither knew nor cared anything about money; people confessed to him their sins, though he seemed to them sinless. The same impression of a gift for understanding situations of which he had no experience, and for solving problems which were not his own, was made throughout his life. Writing after Ephraim Peabody's death, a Boston lawyer of wide professional observation gave this testimony: "In one respect he was the most remarkable man it has been my fortune to meet, and that was in the union of a childlike simplicity with a singular knowledge of men. His judgments on the character of those with whom he came in contact were really wonderful. All shams, all pretense, all mere outside coverings seemed to fall at once before his mild eye."

This unanticipated, and perhaps unconscious, en-

dowment of wisdom in unworldly minds is a psychological phenomenon which the worldly-wise as a rule either fail to recognize or are inclined to deny. It seems to them that insight into affairs must come of immersion in them, and that knowledge of sin must be attained through sinning; whereas the capacity to interpret experience comes quite as frequently of detachment from it. The view from above sees in their true relation the details of things below. "Whence hath this man wisdom," his hearers asked of the country-born Teacher from Nazareth, "having never learned?" So it was with this youth from the New Hampshire hills when he was confronted by the sins and struggles of city life. His clean mind made a clear lens for the discernment of truth; and people whose vision was obscured and whose experiences were perplexing turned to their young pastor, not for consolation only, but for direction. The sheep followed him, for they knew his voice.

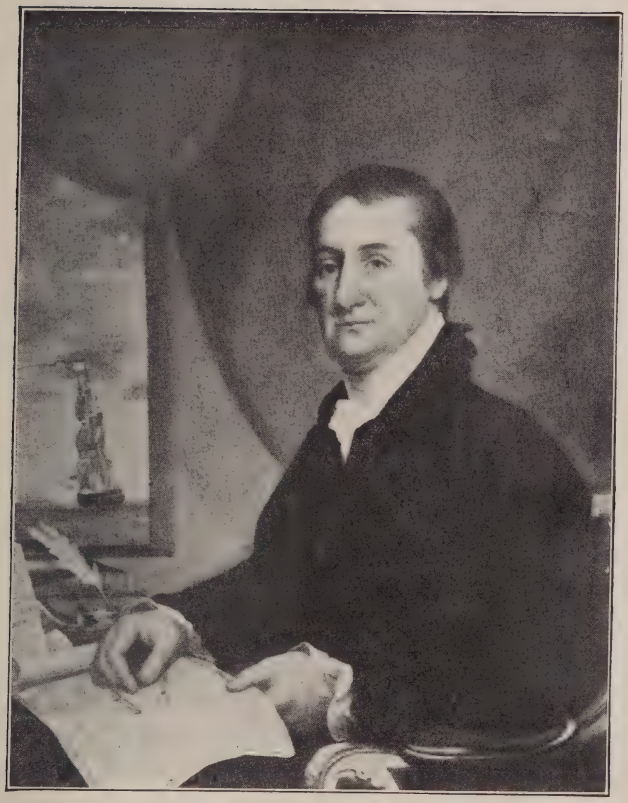
Under these conditions, then, and with these endowments, this beautiful and gracious youth, tall and spare in figure, of powerful frame, but already somewhat bent with a scholar's habit, ascetic in demeanor, and with that searching appeal in the eyes which to a skilled

observer already suggested the approach of disease, gave himself to the cares of a frontier ministry, with no consciousness of the domestic destiny which awaited him and no thought that romance could be found anywhere except in poetry, or that the ministry could be anything but a stern experience of sacrifice. He could not, it would seem, have hidden himself more securely from all association with luxury or even comfort, or have left New England more completely behind him in his desires or hopes. Yet, while he was busy with his sermons and poems, across the rugged Alleghanies and down the turbid river his fate was approaching, and his solitary life was soon to be cheered by devotion and enlivened by charm.

CHAPTER II

Mary Jane

MARY JANE DERBY was born in Salem, Massachusetts, on January 30th, 1807, two months before the birth of Ephraim Peabody in Wilton, but in a family circle so remote, both in space and tradition, from that of the New Hampshire Intervale that it would seem contrary to nature for the two groups to meet. The father of the girl, John Derby, was a Salem merchant, living for the most part on an inherited estate, and but slightly concerned with business affairs. The Derby stock had played a conspicuous part in Salem history, and the name still borne by the market-place and the principal wharf of the town suggests a social and commercial importance; but the sumptuous living of the earlier generation had become, even in John Derby's time, little more than a tradition. The English ancestor, Roger Derby, had migrated from Topsham, in Devonshire, in 1671, and had established himself at first in Ipswich, where, as a member of the Society of



ELIAS HASKET DERBY

Friends, he was fined for non-conformity, and as a consequence sought the more tolerant conditions of Salem. Here he soon took his place among the enterprising traders who were already giving to that port its primacy in the colony. His son Richard (1679–1715) succeeded him in the same business, and under his grandson Richard (1712–76) it expanded rapidly. The vocational training of that time for a prospective merchant was to ship as master or supercargo on a long voyage in a small vessel, and to become fitted for a counting-house by roughing it at sea. Thus at the age of twenty-four the second Richard was master of the "slope Ranger," and with one mate and four men sailed for Cadiz and Malaga, returning with oil and fruit. In 1757 this discipline of apprenticeship had been sufficiently accomplished, and Richard Derby in his turn sent his sons to sea, Richard at the age of twenty-four, and John at twenty-three. Richard Derby the elder then settled himself in a substantial house, still standing, though in sad decay, from which he could survey the warehouses and the long wharf where the Derby vessels lay.

As the American Revolution approached, both of

these Richards, father and son, gave themselves to the cause of the Colonies, the younger as a delegate to the Provincial Congress in 1774 and 1775, the elder as one of the Governor's Council in Massachusetts in 1774 and 1776. When in 1775 the first collisions of British soldiers with indignant colonists occurred, Richard Derby, the father, found himself deeply involved in these events. Anticipating trouble, he had bought some old cannon, "believed to be seventeen," which had originally belonged to the French in Nova Scotia; and when Colonel David Mason, of the Massachusetts Committee of Safety, was collecting military stores to repulse possible attack, he bought these twelve-pounders of Richard Derby, and set his wife and daughters to make "5000 flannel cartridges." This implied threat roused General Gage in Boston to action. He sent Colonel Leslie in a transport with 300 men to Marblehead, and on Sunday afternoon, February 26th, two months before the march to Lexington, while the Salem people were at church, this armed force marched toward the town to seize the guns. The alarm was, however, beat "by a drummer at the church door," and the crowd rushed to the North Bridge, raised the draw, and with

many taunts defied the Regulars. Colonel Leslie hesitated to give the command to fire, and after much mutual recrimination the redcoats reluctantly but prudently withdrew. Thus the Derby cannon came very near being the immediate provocation of the Revolutionary War, and the tradition is cherished in the family that their ancestor called across the bridge to the British commander, "Find the guns if you can; take them if you can; they will never be surrendered." This martial defiance is, however, unverified by documentary evidence, and it may be regarded as improbable that the dignified merchant stood in the van of a turbulent and abusive throng — especially as he knew that the cannon were being at that moment hastily carted away into the interior.

With the fight at Lexington also this Salem shipowner had noteworthy association. Four days after the battle, General Gage forwarded his despatches to England by the ship "Sukey"; but the Provincial Congress, realizing the importance of early propaganda, determined to despatch to Franklin and Lee, their agents in England, a faster vessel, with the colonists' account of the engagement. Richard Derby, the younger,

being a member of the Congress, reported this scheme to his father, who forthwith offered one of his vessels for the service, and on April 26th, 1775, Congress ordered that: "Y^e^ Hona^bl^ Richd Derby, Esq^r^ be & he hereby is impowered to fit out his vessel as a packet to Great Britain in y^e^ Service of this Colony & to Charge y^e^ Colony with y^e^ Hire of y^e^ Vessel & all other expenses which he shall be at for port charges, Victuelling, necessaries, &c." The schooner "Quero," of but sixty-two tons, was hastily fitted, with Richard Derby's son, John, as master. He sailed on the night of April 28th, and on May 28th Captain John Derby reached London, bringing the first news of hostilities. Ex-Governor Hutchinson, of Massachusetts, then in London, reports in his diary the excitement caused: "Capn. Darby came to town last evening. He is sent by the Provincial Congress in a vessel in ballast, to publish here their account of an action between the troops and the inhabitants on the 19th of April. A vessel which sailed four days before with despatches from Gage is not arrived. The opposition here rejoice that the Americans fight, after it had been generally said they would not. I carried the news to Lord Dartmouth, who was much struck

THE SHIP GRAND TURK

with it. The first accounts were very unfavorable, it not being known that they all came from one side. The alarm abated before night, and we wait with a greater degree of calmness for the accounts from the other side." The "Sukey," carrying General Gage's report, did not arrive until June 9th, at which date John Derby, in the "Quero," was already on his return voyage, reaching Salem on July 18th. He proceeded at once to Washington's headquarters at Cambridge, rendering account of his voyage and its expenditures, and including as his "bill for personal time and service: $0."[1]

As the Revolutionary War progressed, the ventures of privateering tempted the shippers of Salem, and Richard Derby and his sons armed not less than thirty-nine vessels, and though some were captured, the profits of others made the family rich. "E. H. Derby's Province tax," a journalist wrote in 1780, is "£11,000, and his neighbors complain that he is not half-taxed." A single vessel, the "Grand Turk," carrying twenty-four guns and one

[1] A more detailed account of these maritime adventures may be found in the studious and graphic narrative by Robert E. Peabody, *Merchant Venturers of Old Salem.* Houghton Mifflin Company. 1912.

hundred and twenty men, on its first voyage captured two prizes, one in the English Channel and one off the coast of Spain, which sold in Spain for $65,000. Finally, when the preliminary treaty of peace was signed in Paris in 1782, Captain John Derby, who happened to be in a French port, made haste to sail, and arriving in Salem on April 3d, brought to the United States the first news of peace, as he had before brought to England the first news of war.

The second son of Richard, Elias Hasket Derby, was his father's chief associate in these affairs, and under the son the Derby fleet and its ventures reached their full expansion. Russia, the Cape of Good Hope, the Isle of France, the Dutch East Indies, and finally China, came to know the Derby flag, the ship "Grand Turk" being in 1785 the second American vessel to reach Whampoa. In 1789 four Derby ships were lying at the same time at that port. These vessels, destined for long voyages, were hardly larger than a Bank fisherman of to-day, but rigged with the full equipment of a ship or barque, and built with fine lines for speed and beauty. They were manned by native crews, who regarded this hazardous service as a privilege, and the young men

who were to become the commercial magnates of Salem took their turn, when about twenty-four years old, as commanders or mates. Thus the names of Silsbee, Crowninshield, Webb, and West appear on the lists of Derby captains; and on the ship "Astrea," in 1796, Nathaniel Bowditch was supercargo, making the observations which prepared him for his works on navigation.

At the height of the prosperity which then ensued, Elias Hasket built him a great house in Salem, with a stately façade flanked by coach-houses; and, surrounded by his family of seven children, assumed an almost patriarchal authority. He was familiarly known as "King Derby," or more deferentially as the "Girard of his day"; and his dignified portrait, as he sits by his window, watching the "Grand Turk" come up the harbor under full sail — and, incidentally, as it would appear, in imminent danger of running ashore — accurately represents his masterful character. In 1799, however, after he had occupied his stately house but a few months, both he and his wife suddenly died; and though the eldest son maintained the establishment for ten years, it proved beyond his means, and was finally dismantled and demolished. Its architectural details may be discovered in other houses;

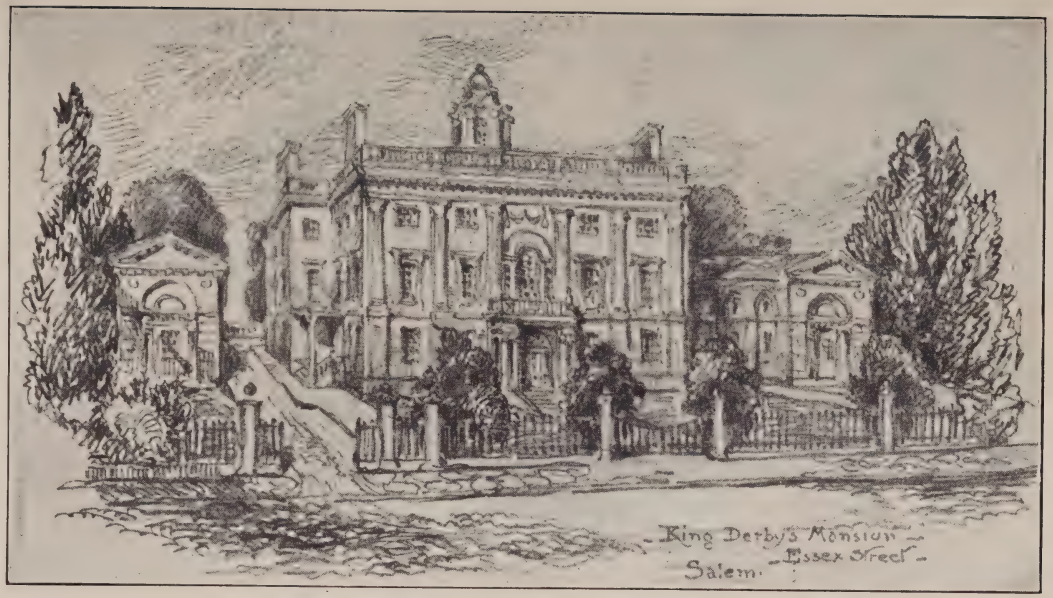
its treasures were scattered among many descendants of the stock; and on its site, through the irony of fate, one may now buy fish and flesh at the Derby Market.

The diary of Dr. William Bentley, Pastor of the East Church in Salem from 1784 to 1819, is so voluminous (4 volumes, 2077 pages) that one is led to wonder how he could have performed any other professional duty besides recording with extreme candor the course of current events, with frequent excursions into improvised Latin. The births, marriages, deaths, and voyages of the Derby family are reported in abundant detail:

"1790, *April* 6. Mr. Derby sent to Hardy, London, for an elegant Library of six hundred Books. The Catalogue was not so perfect as it might have been with more consideration, but the books came over in excellent order.

"1790, *Apr.* 12. The Ship of Mr. E. H. Derby was raised this day, and the Stern post transoms, etc. erected.

"1790, *Oct.* 4. Visited with Cap't Hodges at the great Ship of Mr. Derby, on the Stocks, and the Astrea under repairs. The work is highly commended, the Ship blamed as too narrow.



ELIAS HASKET DERBY'S HOUSE

"1791, *Apr.* 15. The head of the Ship "Grand Turk," to be launched next month, was set this afternoon by Mr. Robertson, of Boston.

"1791, *May* 3. We had a Launching in the new method. A Brig of considerable burden was launched sideways from Mr. Derby's wharf by Mr. Enos Briggs.

"1791, *Dec.* 22. Joh: Derby in possessionem venit Domus lateralis, quo parentes sui, et Frater West habitatant, non desiderio aut voluntate, sed ex voluntate parentum, Edificia millo in loco habentium.

"1791, *Dec.* 26. Dies vocatus Christmas. Plures in Ecclesia anglicana colliguntur. Navis maxima Derby hodie in aquas profundas Portus navigat. Incolae, nautae, et cives auxilium dant, parando.

"1792, *June* 18. Saw in Mr. Derby's Store for the first time the Skins of the Zebra.

"*July* 18. Mr. Derby has engaged Briggs to build him another Vessel. He has built three on Stage Point since the great Ship and will keep the same yard.

"*April* 15, 1796. A ship belonging to Mr. Derby has arrived from India. She brings no news, but wealth with full tide flows in upon that successful man."

"*May* 14. Mrs. Derby presented a new covering for the Communion table with a napkin."

Finally, the abrupt termination of this princely reign is chronicled without flattery:

"*April* 19, 1799. This day after one o'clock, died Elizabeth Derby, æt. 64, wife of E. H. Derby Esqr, Merchant in this Town. She was a Crowninshield. A Woman who felt & enjoyed all the pride of great wealth, with an understanding not distinguished & poorly cultivated, but a woman who took the greatest pride in being known as a Charitable woman, as she was indeed to the poor in general, but constantly so to all her poor & dependent kindred. It was at her instigation the Elegant Mansion house was built where Col. Browne's stood, but she did not live long to enjoy it.

"*Aug.* 8, 1799. This evening at 8 o'clock died Elias Hasket Derby, the most eminent merchant that has ever been in Salem. His industry, his manners, his economy, exactly conformed to the best character of this place. He was sixty years of age in the last month of August. He has left four Sons & three daughters. Three of the Sons are married & two of the Daughters.

His property is far beyond anything ever known in Salem."

From this height of splendor the family fortunes slowly but surely declined. The sons inherited from their father the inclination to build for themselves fine houses, without a corresponding bequest of business initiative or prudence. The adventurous spirit which had made Derby king of the shippers passed to other families, and those who had been masters of his vessels became the magnates of foreign trade. Each of his sons lived as became a rich man, but all, with but one exception, by following consistently the agreeable programme of living beyond their means, died poor. Of John, the brother of Elias Hasket, and captain of the "Quero," Dr. Bentley candidly remarks what he might have said of the rest of the family: "He had not the power of Richard, his father, or the mercantile enterprise of Elias Hasket, his brother, but his manners were agreeable, and he was respected, though not adapted for any public offices or employed in any important trusts." These courtly gentlemen imported libraries of well-selected books from England, whose bindings still shine with the honest craftsmanship of

the time; they hung their walls with Copleys and adorned their tables with silver and glass, still treasured in many homes; but they bequeathed little to their children but a taste for lavish living — an inheritance which has, in many of their descendants, survived a century of severe restraint. It was a progressive decline of prosperity which prompted one daughter-in-law of a later generation to say of the connection she was undertaking that it would be more exciting to marry into a family on its way up than on its way down.

John, the second son of Elias Hasket Derby, took his share of the patrimony, built him a commodious though not palatial house, married, first Sarah Barton, of Salem, and later Eleanor Coffin, of Portland, and reared two families in comfort and ease. On the roof of his house he erected an ornate cupola, adorned within by frescoes of Salem ships, and above by a large gilt eagle. Here he would sit at leisure, with his spy-glass levelled at the harbor, watching for the first view of a returning trader; and thereupon, descending his broad stairway, with its hand-carved rails, would betake himself to the Custom House or to Derby Wharf, there to

JOHN DERBY

hear the news from Mauritius or Manila, and to reckon the profits of the voyage. It was a comfortable and contented way of life, in which his family participated by small investments known as "ventures," entrusted to the master of the vessel, and exchanged by him for Oriental china or silks.

John Derby's courting of Eleanor Coffin was somewhat precipitately begun. His brother Richard had married her beautiful younger sister, and the pair came to visit his father, bringing Eleanor with them. John, already a widower, entering the room to offer a chaste salute to his brother's bride, kissed the sister by mistake. The blunder was apparently suggestive to him, and not unwelcome to her, for their engagement soon followed, and they were married on December 12th, 1801. The two sisters, thus joined with the Derby brothers, were daughters of the principal physician in Maine, Dr. Nathaniel Coffin, who had been an Intern at St. Thomas's and Guy's Hospitals in London, and had acquired on his return a large and lucrative practice. The professional dignity — and, it must be added, the unhygienic details — with which he prepared to visit the sick, may be inferred from his grand-daugh-

ter's narrative of the toilet in which she occasionally assisted :

"One of the pleasantest recollections of my childhood is the being permitted to put the finishing touches to my grandfather's toilette. First a large full white apron was tied around his neck. Then I (mounted on a footstool) would carefully besmear the whole bare head, and the few spare white locks over the ears and at the base of the neck, with a delicate coating of pomatum; then with a powder-puff gently dust it over; then came the difficult process of making (with the corner of the apron) a sharp point directly over the nose, and curved evenly up on both sides; then brush the velvet collar (taking off apron); see that the frilled shirt is nicely arranged; look at the tie of the white neck-cloth; put the gold buckles on the knee breeches (he never had a pair of trousers), and look well after the large buckles on the low shoes, that they are fresh and shining; and finally, bring the gold-headed cane, and put on the hat so that it need not spoil my work. A kiss would reward me for my pains. . . . He took his toddy cold before dinner, and piping hot as a night-cap at nine o'clock. Then he went up to his feather bed on a high post bed-

stead, hung with full cotton curtains printed with pastoral scenes, and especially tall pink shepherdesses, which were the delight of my eyes. Stuart has preserved for us his serene and noble countenance."

The tastes and interests of a daughter of this stately physician are sufficiently indicated in a letter of Eleanor to another sister in Boston, and may be contrasted with the contemporaneous correspondence, already noted, between Rhoda Peabody at Wilton and her daughter Dorcas at school: "Which of the dresses that Martha describes do you like the most? I give the preference to the black; Mamma and Eliza to the yellow. How I should admire such a one! What good would it do in Portland where there is so few people of taste to admire it? I intend to wear a short dress to the next — my spotted muslin skirt and waist the same — how do ye like it, Harriot? My muslin from New York is made very handsomely and trimmed so entirely with silk cord that I can't yet wear it to the Assembly, the dust would so soil it that I could not wear it afterwards. I hope you opened the bandbox — yet I don't think you did. The bonnet is yellow and dove-colored, very odd and pretty. I have lent my gown to-day to Miss Milbrook. Is not

that a shame — greatly against my conscience — yet politeness advised me to do so. I did not mind so much her having it as I know on *her* it would never be known to be the same pattern! *Vanity Vanity!*"

Of the two daughters, Eleanor, the elder, was winsome and sunny, well adapted to attract John Derby's unpremeditated kiss, while Martha, the younger, Mrs. Richard Derby, was a famous belle, a "pocket Venus," as the complimentary language of the time described her; and when, later, Copley, in London, painted the full-length portrait which is now in the Boston Art Museum, he depicted her as Saint Cecilia playing her harp among listening angels; not because the fair Martha had a soul for music, but because she had well-shaped arms and hands. Eleanor was soon preoccupied by the care of a rapidly increasing family; Martha was childless, and since her husband had escaped the family destiny of a constantly narrowing income, shared with him a brilliant social career, which her nieces watched with adoring enthusiasm.

John and Eleanor Derby settled themselves in their ample home, where the leisurely tastes of a handsome widower had become the fixed habits of the husband,

ELEANOR COFFIN DERBY

and the cares of the nursery soon absorbed the wife. Romantic parents in those days, even more frequently than in later times, were often guided in the naming of their children by retrospective affection for their own friends rather than by consideration of their children's convenience. Thus the first daughter of John and Eleanor was named Sarah Ellen, for the husband's two wives, and the second, Mary Jane, for the wife's two sisters. Biblical nomenclature, as in the case of Ephraim and Dorcas Peabody, hung a heavy load of seriousness round the necks of children, and precluded their descendants from perpetuating family names, but even more trying than Puritan severity for two beautiful and lively girls were the commonplace and hyphenated names which they had to bear. Sarah Ellen was of classic features and alluring reserve; Mary Jane was vivacious and brilliant. One, it was said, compelled the passer-by to stop and look; the other compelled him to stop and talk. Other children rapidly arrived to fill the home, and the two older girls, of six and eight years, were deported to a Dame boarding-school in the neighboring town of Beverly, where the culture regarded as appropriate for young ladies began. While Ephraim

Peabody was committing to memory numberless verses from the Bible, and reading Baxter's "Saints' Rest," Sarah Ellen and Mary Jane Derby were being initiated in French, botany, embroidery, and drawing, and as they grew older, in a ladylike passion for the romantic poets. To the end of her days Mary Jane could repeat pages of Scott and Byron, of Burns and Cowper; and her Albums of Polite Literature were like fashion-plates, illustrating the artificial sensibility and the colorless amenities which were at the time regarded as marks of good breeding.

At last the momentous epoch arrived when these fair sisters were sufficiently prepared, in accomplishments and deportment, to meet the fashionable world; and, their mother being still busy in the nursery, the girls were committed to the tutelage of their beautiful Aunt Martha, whose husband had established a sumptuous home in the more cosmopolitan world of Boston. It was she who devised a scheme of "Regulations for young ladies who dress for balls," as follows:

"First, immediately after breakfast (that is, as soon as your bedroom is in order) lay out on the bed your

Shoes
Stockings
Corsettes
Cotton under-skirt
Silk or Satin
Petticoat
Gown
Sash
Gloves
Necklace and earrings
Flower or other ornament
for the head
Pocket Handkerchief
and fan

On your Toilette Table —
Combs fine and coarse
Comb brush
False hair if you wear it!!
Hair Pins
String to tie hair (if you tie it)
Huile antique

Before beginning to dress let the Mandarin, be placed in a chair near the door to be Hood & Socks taken down when the lady leaves the chamber.

"If there are two young ladies in the same room let each take one side of the bed to put her things on, and if *three*, let one put them in a basket or large band-box. Examine your Dress thoroughly in the morning, see if the hooks and eyes are in order — if there is not a tape wanting or some little rip to mend — look also at the petticoat and shoes, and be *very sure* that everything is in complete order."

It is not surprising that the Derby girls turned to this authority for the rules of fashion, for she had already had a social experience almost unique among American belles. Immediately after her marriage, in 1801, at the

age of seventeen, to Richard Derby, the young couple began a series of journeys to the capital cities of America and Europe; and — perhaps because of her husband's lavish use of money, but quite as probably because of the wife's fascinating charm — they were received by Courts and notables with a hospitality which seems almost incredible. Her letters from Europe are voluminous and animated and would of themselves make a considerable and vivacious volume. Thus, from London in 1801 she writes: "I have been at the Lord Mayor's show, dined at Guildhall, been introduced to Nelson, touched the Prime Minister's arm, and sat next Mr. Sheridan." "Do not let me forget," she writes again from London, "to say that Lady Temple was in my opinion the finest looking woman at the ball last evening among 3 or 4 hundred ladies. How I boasted of our American! They do not dance as well as us; have not the grace and lightness (generally speaking) of the French and Americans. We are, I think, a happy medium between the two. The Women here, however, are very accomplished and most that I have met with have improved minds as well as persons. They are more conversant with books, are acquainted with all their own

JOHN DERBY'S HOUSE
Drawn on stone by Mary Jane Derby

Poets and most French authors. On the other hand, the lower class of people are the most wretchedly miserable of any beings in existence and the most miserable objects to behold. You meet a beggar at every corner and are incessantly taxed with these miserable creatures. You might give away a fortune in a day and for some time I could not learn to refuse them."

Again she writes from Paris in June, 1802: "Richard has been introduced to the Premier Consul, but Madame Bonaparte did not have a Levee, tho' my dress was in readiness. She has now gone to a watering place and if she should not return by the time we leave town I shall not have the *felicity* of paying my respects to her Ladyship."

And again from Geneva: "Our most splendid party (at Geneva) was a ball given by Captain Lovelace of 1st Guards—a young Englishman who has been there six months. I danced cotillons until 2 o'clock. I felt in charming spirits; much exhilarated by having had the pleasure of dining with Mr. Necker. We went out to Coppet at half past one to deliver our letter to Madame de Staël without any intention but of merely leaving our cards. She, however, came out to the carriage and

insisted on our going in to dinner which was upon the table, and added as an inducement that we should see her father. There was no resisting. We were presented and received with great politeness by Mr. Necker. After dinner we went to the drawing-room and they asked us many questions about America. I had the opportunity of observing Mr. Necker. His likenesses resemble him pretty well. He is *immensely* fat — so much so as scarcely to be able to move; no shape at all, but has a noble face. We stayed till five and then took leave. On our way back visited Ferney. The Bedroom which Voltaire occupied remains the same; the portraits of Frederic 2d being opposite that of Voltaire, and the Empress of Russia; with prints of all his correspondents placed about the room. I observed also Franklin and Washington."

And again from Florence: "I have just received a card. Louise de Stolberg, Comtesse d'Albany, is at home this evening at 7 o'clock. So for the first time I am going to a Conversazione, — going to spend the evening with a Countess, — a woman of the first rank in Italy, where I expect to meet the first people of Florence. Don't you suppose I am in a charming flurry!

I only sent my card and letter of introduction yesterday. Now for my dress! But I have become accustomed to these things. They do not *agitate* me as they once did. I will give you a particular description when I return this evening."

Finally, at the climax of the journey, she reports their experiences in Rome: "This morning, Mama, Richard has been introduced to the *Pope* — only think! — but to tell all things in form and order. He had a letter to the Cardinal, Secretary of State, from Mr. Murray. He called on him as I mentioned above. To-day at 11 o'clock was appointed both for our Minister who is here and him to be presented to his Holiness. They were received with all the politeness in the world and kissing the *hand* was substituted in place of the *toe!* As the Pope understood from our Consul that I had expressed a great desire to see his Holiness, and as Lady's are never permitted to enter the Palace, he had the politeness to say it would give him infinite pleasure to be introduced to an *American* lady; and the day after tomorrow in the *Gardens* of the Palace I am to have the honor of being presented to him by Cardinal Consalvi. I don't expect such a reception as I had from the King

of England, for you must know he has been a monk all his life and does nothing but fast and pray. After a *royal kiss* such as I had from King George I have no inclination for a monkish one. I have just returned from a dinner party and if ever I had to exert myself it was to-day. Only imagine *me*, dear mama, seated at table with 20 gentlemen, Cardinals, Ambassadors, half a dozen young French officers and all the dignified Clergy in Rome and not another lady at table. We were engaged to dine at Mr. Lavaggi's and went at the hour appointed. Half the company were there, but in handing me in he told me Madame Lavaggi was suddenly unwell. I however expected to see her appear every moment and at last asked if we were not to have that pleasure at all. He replied that she was ill in bed, that she had hoped all the morning to be better, but found herself incapable of rising. Then of course I expected she had sent for some female friend to entertain me, but not one Lady came and I was handed in by the French Ambassador and desired to take her place at table. He sat on one side, a very pleasant Cardinal on the other, and, as you know I prefer the Company of Gentlemen to ladies, I (strange as it may seem) never enjoyed a

MARTHA COFFIN DERBY

dinner party more. They were all impressed to render everything pleasant, asked me a thousand questions about America and talked much of General Washington. I summoned up all my courage and behaved as Betsy Coulson says, very *prettily*, and as soon as I got my dish of Coffee, bid them good-night. But the most singular thing of all I have not told you. On going into the drawing-room there sat a Cardinal who had been saying Mass all the morning, *playing piquet* at 3 o'clock (they dine early in this country) of a Sunday afternoon. I could not recover from my astonishment and never should have believed such a thing."

Unspoiled by these dazzling experiences, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Derby began a more domestic life in their stately house in Boston; but her vitality rapidly failed, and after further travel in search of health among the West India Islands she died, in 1832, leaving a memory of graciousness and charm, which the formal language of journalism at that period thus describes in an obituary notice:

"The simplicity, purity and kindness of Mrs. Derby's character, and her entire freedom from vanity and pretension were strikingly heightened by her unparal-

leled grace and beauty, which were the theme of universal praise; but those only to whom she was bound by the ties of kindred and friendship know how faithfully and generously she sustained these relations, with what devotedness of heart and vigour of purpose she met the exigencies and satisfied the demands of duty and affection. The winning sweetness of manners for which she was remarkable did not result more from loveliness of disposition than from the good sense and candour with which she estimated the characters of others. The choicest veins of her happiness lay far deeper, in the tender affections and high principles of her nature, in the elegant and refined pleasures of the understanding, and in the development and gratification of her natural love for everything that was good or beautiful."

The happy association of her young nieces with this rare personality, who had such wonderful stories to tell of great people and great events, could not be without its effect both on manners and tastes. Visits to the Boston home became the chief delight of the Salem girls, and problems of toilettes, bonnets, and admirers the chief theme of conversation and correspondence be-

tween the fascinating aunt and her adoring nieces. Thus Mary Jane writes from Salem: "Just about 8 o'clock the bell rang. Papa went to the door and ushered in Mr. Otis and Mr. Quincy. I was so much surprised and astonished that, like a goosey, it never entered my head to introduce them. Ellen had gone to bed with a cold. The children were upstairs, and I was alone with papa and mama. They had been here about 5 minutes — and we were quite agreeable — when it flashed across my mind that I ought to have introduced them — and then I could never say a word. What a fool! They soon took their leave and left me in 79 fidgets that I had behaved so rudely. Now did you ever hear anything more provoking? . . . At least I kept waking up at night and introducing them to their hearts' content and it quite worries me. How Aunt Martha will laugh at me! . . . I know they are as angry as can be. At least W. Otis. He knows what propriety is best of the two."

And again, her aunt, writing from Boston, offers some observations on the posture of the young girls of the time, which have a modern applicability: "We want you very much. I have enough to do to entertain

all the belles and beaux who call upon me. The town is full of strangers. We went to Mr. Cole's Exhibition in the afternoon. Mon Dieu! What figures! Not a girl stood straight. One rested her elbows on her hip as she held the book; another put her hands behind her; another turned half around; in short such *figures* I never saw. They may be very *learned* but it was all lost on me."

At this point also the artistic talent of Mary Jane expressed itself according to the manner of the time, and she applied herself, not only to elaborate studies from nature, but to the delicate craft of lithography. The sketch of Charles Street in Boston, with the Back Bay stretching in an expanse of water to the Roxbury hills, and with a boat-house and cows in the foreground, is not only pleasing in itself, but almost incredible as a picture of primitive Boston; and her drawing on stone of her own home in Salem cost her, through the fineness of its details, years of eyesight.

Nothing, in short, could have seemed more definitely foreordained than the future of girls thus environed and trained. Two other sisters had by this time come under their aunt's tutelage, and the problem before her as

THE BACK BAY, CHARLES STREET, AND THE COMMON
From a sketch made in 1823 by Mary Jane Derby

their counsellor, and before the girls themselves, now with ripe understanding of the world, was to find suitable partners for a life of pleasure, and, with good luck, for the grand tour of Europe. A very different fate — and one which might almost have reconciled the ambitious aunt to a premature death — awaited these pleasure-loving maids. The third, it is true, married as her early training seemed to dictate — first with a Boston merchant, Arnold Welles, and later with the distinguished statesman, Robert C. Winthrop; but the fourth sister remained unmarried, a beloved and devoted maiden-aunt to the next generation; while the eldest, marrying a fortune, lost it within a year; and the second and most brilliant became the wife of a country minister.

John Rogers, who married Sarah Ellen Derby, was the son of a prosperous merchant in Boston, whose great house was a conspicuous landmark on the summit of Beacon Hill. Responsibility voluntarily assumed for a connection of his family suddenly stripped young Rogers of all save his fine sense of honor, and forced him and his newly wedded wife to seek new fortunes in the undeveloped possibilities of the Middle West.

In 1831 Mary Jane's adventurous temperament was roused by the thought of a visit to her sister in Cincinnati, Ohio. It was no slight undertaking to cross the Alleghanies, and to risk the discomforts and even perils of travel by stage and steamer; but the undaunted girl had little to report of the journey except exhilaration and amusement. "Here I am," she wrote to her mother, "safe and sound in Philadelphia. To begin with the beginning, — we drove at full speed to Providence and were so comfortable that I wished you were with us. Pretty uncomfortable till 5 next morning. At 7 we were at the wharf and the Philadelphia boat sailing at that hour Uncle was for giving up all thoughts of reaching it, but I persuaded him to try. So in we jumped full speed into a hack with trunks and all and away we went. Boat just going. Hurried on board and were off. A steamer to South Amboy where we found a railroad. At New Brunswick we took the stage again — nine coach-loads to Trenton, — then a steamboat to Philadelphia. Reached Philadelphia at 7 last evening. Left Philadelphia at 5 A.M. in boat to Delaware City — there took canal-boat. Thousands of little dead fish on the water killed by copper ore. At Chesapeake

took steamer 'Carrollton' and arrived at Baltimore at 6."

And later: "Fairly and safely over the mountains! and in future I shall ridicule the idea of timidity in crossing them. The roads are most excellent — broad and smooth — in general macadamized and the ascent and descent winding and gradual. They are not to be named with the hills between Northampton and Lebanon; and the Catskills are horrible compared to them. The horses are large and fine and the stage-houses are the best taverns I ever saw. And yet we have not been wholly destitute of adventure. Our greatest misfortune was that it rained incessantly for three days while we were crossing the Alleghanies and entirely destroyed the prospect, for we could only see thick mists around us and clouds beneath us. We had the satisfaction too of breaking down, but it was just at the door of a little log tavern, and we were only obliged to make ourselves as comfortable as possible there, — to sleep on the waggoners' beds, etc. But such a childishly timid set as I am among! Never, never cross these mountains with people unused to travelling — who scream at every rut, and jump out at every hill. At one time when we were within ten miles of our destination for the night,

one woman declared herself unable to proceed, and here we were obliged to remain, though the driver protested it would disturb the relays of horses for our whole journey, and it did eventually keep us a whole day longer on the road.

"We went on to Baltimore, you know, on Thursday, but found the stage full for Friday and were obliged to spend that day there. . . . I walked about the city with Mr. Lea and sketched several of the public buildings, monuments, etc. The next morning we commenced our journey and passed a delightful day, but the following day it poured and has continued to do so until we arrived last night at Pittsburg. . . . It seems that the rains have not extended thus far and that the river is low and the town full of people waiting to get down. A small boat starts this morning with 40 passengers and accommodations for 20, and our intention is to take the stage again to-morrow morning for Wheeling where we shall find large boats running. By taking this route from Baltimore to Pittsburg we have saved 70 miles of land carriage and had the best road. . . . The taverns are so excellent; the best bread, butter, milk and cream, with venison, fowls and moun-

tain trout; even the log tavern at which we lodged one night was charming compared to the house we slept at on our way from Hartford.

"We met on the mountains hundreds and hundreds of waggons immensely large and with six fine horses each, laden with bales and hogsheads for the Western world, and droves of cattle, sheep, etc. — three or four hundred head in each, going to supply your Eastern appetites. They say more than 50,000 head are driven in one year on that road only."

"*Ohio River, opposite Portsmouth*

". . . Here I am and have been since Saturday morning on board a very small, dirty and uncomfortable boat, the 'Magnolia.' We left Wheeling with 40 passengers, and have come down taking on people from several large boats which are fast in the river, till we now number 150. The cabin is small, close and filled with children and many of the ladies are obliged to sit up all night, but Miss Charlotte Perkins and I have obtained the Captain's stateroom through Mr. Lea's kind influence. . . . Oh! this beautiful river! this Queen of rivers! I was in ecstasies all the first day

with its green wooded islands, its graceful windings and its high banks; but there is now a good deal of sameness in it and I should like again to set foot on land and be able to move about a little. Our cabin is so small that one of us only can go in at a time and I am now writing in it because it is the only vacant place in the boat, — sitting on a carpet-bag and my paper on a chair and it is all it could contain. I wrote you from Pittsburg. . . . At four next morning we were in the stage for Wheeling. At Steubenville took a little steamboat."

And at last:

"*Cincinnati, Wednesday, 13th*

"Dear Mamma: Here we are at last in this renowned city! We left Wheeling as I wrote you, on Thursday morning in the most miserable boat I ever saw. It was very small — not larger than the Nahant boat — and 182 passengers, but the only boat that could go down the river, it was so low. We had, as you may suppose, hardly room to move or sleep and the water was so very shallow that we were obliged to lay by every night till the fog had dispersed the next morning.

Going on in this way we did not reach here till yesterday noon. . . . I was most agreeably surprised by the appearance of this city. It far surpassed even my expectations. I think it looks more like New York than any other place I know of; the stores as large and handsome and quite as much bustle in the streets. . . . I fear telling you all we encountered in getting here lest it might deter you from coming, but I can only say you must come *when the river is high* and you will avoid every difficulty. The large boats are superb and at that time not crowded, and you can come from Wheeling in 36 hours or less — and we were nearly 5 days. . . . It is almost impossible to believe that the whole tract of land upon which this city now stands was sold only forty years ago for $550. A gentleman told Mr. Rogers that he had taken pains to count the number of houses going up now and found considerably over 500. You can hardly credit you are not in one of our large seaport cities."

The young belle at once adjusted herself to the new environment, and found it deserving of her best manners and arts: "I had certainly no idea what a gay,

delightful place I was to visit. There are some 1/2 dozen girls whom I know very well, who are as genteel, fashionable and accomplished as any Juno I ever saw. Mr. Chase seems to be by tacit consent the great beau, and his acquaintance is an honor of which I often boast. His arrival is awaited in trembling impatience by all the expectant fair ones. There are several beaux who visit here constantly, but they have no definite character to me as yet. They are all very polite to strangers and to all young ladies — married ones, I think, receive but little attention. Dancing is the rage at all the parties, — there is no such thing as a little party. Invitations are always given the day before and they assemble at 8 in full dress — painted muslins, embroidered and in stripes, and foulards, high hair, and flowers and bandeaux, and they dance as soon as they come in till 11 o'clock. There are never private balls, but little cotillon parties at the 'Bazaar' every Saturday night and 1/2 dozen publick subscription balls in the winter. If anything particularly new and striking should appear in the way of dress in your part of the world, pray give me an idea, for I have not been able as yet to astonish the natives, I assure you."

And later: "I have now been here three days and begin to feel quite at home. . . . Mrs. and Miss Capely called and then sent invitations to tea. Ellen wore her black barege, lace round the neck, and my lace sleeves. I dressed her hair and put in pink bows, and with her cameo ornaments she looked lovely as you may suppose. I wore my black crape, gauze sleeves, and white bows in my hair. The ladies all looked very stylish and elegant. I saw no difference in their appearance than what I should expect to see in New York or Philadelphia. (Rather more fashionable than Boston.) The young ladies wore painted muslins like Harriot's, and high bows in their hair. They danced two or three cotillons by the piano. There was a bride present in white satin trimmed with blond lace and pearl ornaments and flowers in her hair. I certainly had no idea what I was about to see, and the shops perfectly astonish me. Everything very elegant and fashionable is to be found here. The entertainment last night was rather singular, — first tea and coffee and cake; then came waiters with large cakes; then apples, nuts and raisins! then ices; and, just as we were leaving the room, chicken salad made its appearance."

And still again: "I wish you would enlighten me on a bonnet. Tell me what you have, though that would scarcely be a guide, for I want one like Ellen, — simple, neat and unpretending. The young ladies dress a great deal. They now wear straws lined with cherry colour and pink satin and trimmed with rich ribands — silk dresses with little spencers, and embroidered crêpe handkerchiefs and shawls. But Ellen says in winter they look like New York girls, in feathers and satin dress hats. One or two of these have already appeared, and Ellen's cottage straw, trimmed with an old pink riband she once wore on that pink and yellow hat, and my great willow trimmed with that old green riband, look pretty shabby, I assure you. There is not a creature here who understands, and I don't know that they ever saw a waltz, and I sometimes long for you or Sally or Emeline to fly round with. The curtsey cotillon is all the rage — they are a little behind us! I have never felt the want of musical taste so much. You are almost thought to know nothing if you can neither play cotillons nor sing."

Such was the spirit of innocent levity with which this girl of twenty-five gave herself to the enjoyment of life.

Yet at this moment she was on the brink of greater discoveries, both in the world about her and within herself, which were to make of the world a place of self-effacing service and of herself a helpmeet in hardships and cares. The young minister, Ephraim Peabody, who had just entered upon his charge, lodged a few doors from the Rogers home, and Mary Jane, who had perhaps never before approached so ascetic and unworldly a nature, or listened to such unaffected words of personal religion, was immediately and deeply moved by his conduct of worship and his sermons. The poetic language of the young preacher stirred her imagination, and his indifference to the social amenities, which had seemed to her so imperative, disclosed to her a new and larger view of life. The two currents of interest which contended within her for mastery run through her correspondence, and reveal a divided and agitated mind. Thus on November 28th, 1831, she writes to her mother, "Mr. Peabody is very diffident and awkward, but extremely pleasing in conversation when he forgets himself, and delightful in the pulpit. We have, I am happy to say, at last succeeded in getting bonnets. They are pink watered-silk, lined with satin, cottage-

form, and bows of the same with little ribands on the top, made by Mrs. Blodgett. I attempted to cover my willow frame, but could not make it tie down."

From these conflicting emotions, passing abruptly from devotion to sermons to passion for bonnets, Mary Jane was soon delivered by the expulsive power of a new affection. To her own great surprise, and still more to that of the preacher, the girl found herself more and more dissatisfied with the social ambitions which had almost submerged her finer nature, and at last yielded her heart to the higher attraction, convinced that she should find happiness where her advisers anticipated only disillusion and pain. When, at last, her sister, Mrs. Rogers, said to her, "Mary Jane, you must not trifle with our young minister. He may think that you are willing to marry him," the younger girl was ready to answer, "I am, and have just told him so." Her own account of their engagement, written many years later, is a touching witness both of her own determination and of Ephraim Peabody's modest perplexity and restraint: "I hardly know how to enter upon the story of our engagement, — but it was so unusual, so characteristic of him and him only — that I am compelled

to tell it as it was. All I knew of Mr. Peabody was that he was once invited to a dance at our house, and the answer he returned was that there were 6 feet and 1 inch of Ephraim Peabody that never learned to dance. The first time I met him was at a party at Mrs. Brigham's, where I was joked for being very simply attired. He talked all that evening with sister Ellen, mistaking her for me. From the first I was very much struck by his appearance and his style of preaching. On the 25th of January I received a note asking to see me. I can never forget that first evening and never cease to honor him for it. Instead of receiving my assurances of interest and affection he did nothing but endeavor to dissuade me from accepting him. He spoke of his poverty, of the hardships I must undergo, of the hope of giving a home to his mother and sister and their unlikeness to me, painting it all as a hard lot to one accustomed to luxury. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers were prepared to come in and offer their congratulations, but it seemed no time for them. Soon the time for my return home drew near. I had to beg him to give me something as a remembrance. 'Have I not given you myself?' he said. And when I told him I wanted a ring he said he could not

select it, but would be delighted to put it on and to pay for it after I was gone. I chose a ring with a stone with a forget-me-not upon it. It opened to contain hair and it cost six dollars! I wore it over my wedding-ring all my life, and on his death-bed he again put it on my finger."

Genuine as was this recognition of a superior nature when the lively girl met the saintly man, it could not altogether repress in her the sense of amusement in being thus captivated by the beauty of holiness. "It was hard," she writes to her mother, "to explain to others how a girl fond of style and splendor should bestow her heart on a poor clergyman in the woods and wilds of the far-off West." And in a letter to her sister she writes: "Would you believe it, his sister's name is Dorcas! Don't scream, but Dorcas and Ephraim!!" Meantime the grave and simple-hearted youth was writing to his mother of the approaching event: "Next week I hope to be married and shall then bring to you one whom you must love much and truly, as she is prepared to love you." The pair, thus strangely led to know and love each other, were quietly married in the bride's home at Salem on August 5th, 1832;

and the next day started in a chaise to drive in two days to Wilton, where Rhoda Peabody, with her deep, kind eyes, and Dorcas, with her prim and timid glances, were waiting to receive them. The bride seemed to them to come from another planet and to speak a language of playfulness and indiscretion which their restrained and scrupulous minds could hardly understand.

It was a strange union of traditions and temperaments, which might seem to have in it the seeds of misunderstanding and regret, but which, as its differences were tempered by unswerving love, became sustained and enriched. "Incompatibility of temper," Mr. Chesterton has lately said, "is the only safe basis of a happy marriage." Likeness of type, that is to say, may mean uneventful dulness, while conflicts of disposition may enliven and deepen experience. It may be questioned which of this pair, thus united by mutual devotion, had the more to surrender or the more to gain — the young minister, whose instincts dreaded frivolity, but whose mind needed exhilaration, or the young wife, who had found a new joy in devout feeling, but must accept poverty, homelessness, and self-restraint. It was, in fact, on both sides, a surrender which seemed to

both a gain; and after a month in the New Hampshire hills the young couple set forth, with nothing but happy anticipations, for a third and wearisome journey over the Alleghanies, to meet without trepidation or regret the varied hardships of an itinerant ministry.

CHAPTER III

An Itinerant Ministry

THE first evidence of Mary Jane Derby's light-hearted acceptance of a new way of life was on her wedding-day. Instead of a gay party of friends and a ceremony such as is often indistinguishable from a reception, the Puritan instincts of the shy young minister prevailed, and the pair were married, as the bride recalls, "with no one present but the household. . . . After the ceremony I went into the kitchen and sat on the table in my pretty muslin gown, talking with dear old Hannah." This symbol of a new determination was soon succeeded by the facts of stern experience. The journey to Cincinnati was wearisome enough to test a bride's affection, and between Baltimore and Washington she was thrown from the stage and badly bruised. The husband, writing to his mother, reports his somewhat helpless sympathy and his wife's irrepressible gaiety and courage: "At the end of the fifth day Mary Jane was completely worn out, and we

stopped three days at the Falls of the Kanawha. The roads are in some places execrable; the houses generally very poor; and it is a journey of six days, rising at 3 o'clock in the morning, stopping at between 8 and 11 at night, and sleeping (after you once procure something to eat) pretty much as it happens. We know not how soon we are to reach Cincinnati. There is no boat at Guyandotte; the river is so low. We shall get on as fast as we can, but fear that we shall have to take to the river for some distance in a skiff, or go round by Lexington, Kentucky (a long and weary journey), or some such way. We shall, however, wait several days in hopes that the river may rise, as there has been rain and there is a prospect of more — rather than take these modes of getting on to Cincinnati. The stage came last night full of passengers and we have had to stop. We have been a-fishing and Mary Jane caught a fine fish just below the beautiful falls, and was so overjoyed that she came near jumping in. We start to-morrow morning. The stage has just arrived, with vacant seats enough to admit of our starting. When and how we shall arrive at Cincinnati depends on the state of the river. We hope, though, to find a passage

down. Mary Jane wishes she could write and tell you of a ride she, unbeknown to me, took on horseback and entirely alone, in true country style. I shall never trust her out of the house alone again. She is altogether too wild ! ''

In their new environment at Cincinnati the young couple settled themselves with confident hopes of usefulness and happiness, and with courage undiminished by news that the cases of china and glass destined for their new home were all shattered, and that they must begin their life together, not only on a meagre salary of $1000, but without household effects. Each of them records in letters and journals the hopes and fears which confronted them ; unaware that, in the opinion of their friends, the most difficult of their problems was the fusion of such diverse temperaments and habits —the tempering of gravity by vivacity, and the spiritualizing of beauty by faith.

The husband was at once and profoundly impressed both by the sanctity of the task committed to his hands and by the character of the people whom he was to serve : '' There is an awfulness and vastness about the responsibility that swallows up and saddens and almost

overwhelms my mind. It makes me feel how frail and feeble I am. Yet I know that God may make the weakest instrument strong in the accomplishment of His purposes, and I hope that the strength I have may be spent faithfully. . . . I like the chaos and state of transition that everything is in. You have something to work on. . . . Everybody acts first and determines afterwards — or rather, both go together. 'Speculation' and 'enterprise' are the two words most used. You cannot talk fifteen minutes without hearing them. It makes one feel lawless to live here."

His missionary journeys covered a great area, and abounded in experiences of primitive ways of travel and of lodging. Thus to his sister Dorcas he reports, with somewhat elaborate rhetoric, his impressions of the Ohio River: "I can hardly help smiling when I see how my headquarters when I write letters are Steam Boats. Since I left Meadville I have travelled very little short of 3000 miles — a good part of it on board these Boats. I am now returning from Louisville where I have been staying about a week. I saw Steam Boats go both up and down over the Falls of the Ohio which are there — the river having risen sufficiently high to admit

of it. And in truth it is a noble spectacle to see one of these huge fabrics, struggling up against the mighty current. The river there is a mile and a third wide. The fall is a gradual descent over rocks — shallow — broken up by whirls, and counter-currents and shelves, etc. There are three different 'Shoots' or Chutes. As the boat goes down, propelled by its engine, and begins to be drawn on by the current, it shoots forward a mile or more like an arrow, or a furious race-horse. But coming up it struggles against the strong waters. Now raise the Steam! Fill the furnaces till they glow like dragons' eyes! Look! From the Flues ascends a thick black smoke — pitchy black — its tall column blown back against the sky! They have been dipping their wood into melted fat and heave large quantities of rosin into the furnaces. And now she has come to the strongest part of the Falls. See — she staggers! She is motionless — she will have to yield and go back. Throw in more rosin! More keenly glows the flame. The escape of the Steam from its Pipe is like the explosion of cannon. Her boiler will surely burst. No; she conquers! She moves! How magnificent this triumph of mind over material energies! She is now, after strug-

gling long and hard, above the Falls. There is nothing more sublime than this. Man, feeble man, first creating and then ruling and making his slave this Titanic power. They have a noble canal at Louisville around the Falls which they use when the river is low. It is a mile and a half long — dug through solid rocks — large enough for the largest Steamboats — and its locks the most magnificent piece of Masonry I have seen — it is said the largest in the world. The canal, when entirely completed, will cost about a million of dollars. This will give you some idea of it."

The obligations and opportunities of his mission spur him to unremitting activity: "There is a vast field here for exertion and usefulness, the very view of which seems to fill my mind with strength and elevation of purpose. . . . If you consider the Society here in proportion to its numbers there are probably not five Unitarian societies in New England more than on a level with it, whether as respects intelligence, character, respectability or wealth. There is scarcely an individual man in it who in intelligence would not rank much above the common mass of man. It is taken out of the very best part of the population of the city. It is as yet

small in numbers, but the numbers are apparently increasing and it seems to me will naturally increase. What the salary may be, I neither know nor ask. It will undoubtedly be sufficient to live on."

The political ferment of the time excites his alarm: "This city has suffered from a dreadful accumulation of evils this fall. The too early freezing of the river, the flood, very disastrous fires, and now the Pestilence and the Veto. The worst of these the people of this city say (except the Jackson mob, for here none but the drunken, brawling mob are Jackson) is the Veto, worse even than all the rest."

Meantime, while the husband was applying himself with unremitting seriousness to his sacred vocation, the clever and charming wife was winning the hearts of a cordial congregation, and maintaining the amenities of social life. Thus, on a Sunday morning, the preparation of the sermon had proved so engrossing to its writer that his boots remained unblacked. Before church-time, however, the Ohio mud had been surreptitiously removed, and the pretty wife walked demurely to church with her well-groomed and unsuspicious husband, as though she had verified the assurance of the Prophet,

"How beautiful are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace."

In 1834 a singularly beautiful and winsome boy was born to them, and was welcomed, like Emerson's little son, as

> "The gracious boy who doth adorn
> The world whereunto he was born;
> And with his countenance repay
> The favor of the loving day."

To this happiness was added that of the husband's appointment as Poet of the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard University; and a temporary return to the Atlantic coast thus became necessary for him as well as expedient for the mother and child. The poem, to which the author applied himself with intense and overwrought eagerness, was the most ambitious of his productions, and utilized, with poetic insight, the harsh experiences of his own wearisome journeys to create a picture of earlier and more perilous adventures. It was entitled "New England Emigration Westward," and described the successive waves of population which had swept over the valleys of the Middle West; — the first explorers attacked by Indians, the missionaries bearing

the message of the Cross, and finally, the busy settlers converting the wilderness into homes. It begins,

> "Dawn on the Mountains! Gloriously the morn
> Purples along the East; the stars are shorn. . .
> Night on the Mountains! through a sheltered nook,
> Half gorge, half valley, flows a mountain brook."

And it concludes with the pious prayer,

> "Let those who build an Empire o'er their bones
> Inscribe their names upon its corner-stones,
> Save that heroic, half-nomadic age
> To be our children's holy heritage."

With these verses prepared, and with their infant boy to exhibit to his grandparents, the minister and his wife once more crossed the Alleghanies, and found a lodging near Cambridge. Suddenly a double stroke of fate smote them, and both the academic opportunity and the domestic felicity were swept away together. The child, for whose health no apprehension had been felt, was seized with a distressing illness, and in a few days died; and the father, whose strong frame and sound inheritance had made him indifferent to physical caution, was overwhelmed by care and sorrow, and a

few days before the University Commencement was prostrated by a hemorrhage of the lungs. A dear friend, the Reverend George Putnam, was hastily summoned to read the poem which had been prepared with such sanguine hopes; but when he reached the passage describing the death of a child in the heart of the forest, the incident touched so closely the sorrow which had just come to the poet that the reader's voice broke with emotion, and the audience was deeply stirred. "In a sad solitude," the poet says, as though reporting his own bereavement, the father

> "Kneels with his wife amid their woes,
> And 'neath an ancient tree, a lonely place,
> He digs his infant's grave with tearless face."

It happened that at this time the English authoress, Harriet Martineau, an acute observer and unsparing critic of American life, was making her journey of inspection; and much to the dismay of many of the subjects of her analysis, she recorded her impressions with extreme candor in two volumes, entitled "Retrospects of Western Travel." Ephraim Peabody and his wife were shocked to find their private experiences laid be-

fore the world in full detail; but now that the merciful years have detached the story from considerations of propriety and sensitiveness, these observations of a stranger make an impartial commentary on this itinerant ministry. "At Cincinnati," she says, "I became acquainted with the Rev. E. P., whom I found to be beloved, fervently but rationally, by his flock, some of whom think him not a whit inferior, as a preacher, to Dr. Channing. He was from New England; and, till he spoke, he might have been taken for one of the old Puritans risen from an early grave to walk the earth for a while. He was tall, gaunt, and severe-looking, with rather long black hair, and very large black eyes. When he spoke, all the severity vanished: his countenance and voice expressed gentleness, and his quiet fun showed that the inward man was no Puritan. He was a man who fixed the attention at once, and could not after a single interview be ever forgotten. . . . I found that he had been about two years married to a pretty, lively, accomplished girl from New England. Some of his friends were rather surprised at the match, for she had appeared hitherto only as a sprightly belle, amiable, but a little frivolous. It was not, however,

that he was only proud of her beauty or accomplishments, or transiently in love, for his young wife soon revealed a strength of mind only inferior to his own. . . . When towards the end of August I arrived at Cambridge for Commencement, one of my first inquiries was for the P's. He had joined his wife, his poem was ready, and they were in cheerful spirits. I did not see them among the assemblage on the great Commencement Day. On the morrow, when the Phi Beta Kappa Society had marched in to music, and the Oration had been delivered, and we all looked eagerly for Mr. Peabody and his Poem, a young clergyman appeared with a roll of manuscript in his hand, and with a faltering voice, and a countenance of repressed grief, told us that Mr. Peabody had been seized with a sudden and severe illness, and had requested him as an office of friendship to read the poem. The tidings ran in a mournful whisper through the assemblage that Mr. Peabody had broken a blood-vessel. . . . The power of a faith like theirs works many wonders. It not only fortifies the minds of sufferers, but asserts the supremacy of the real over the apparent, the high over the low, and among other kindly operations refreshes

the spirit of the stranger with a revelation of true kindred in a foreign land."

It was a sad journey for the afflicted pair, as again they crossed the mountains, the husband broken in health and the mother's arms empty. A further trial awaited the wife, and perhaps not less the husband. Her resources and accomplishments had been chiefly dependent upon her eyesight, and now this began to fail. First her art was abandoned, then her reading, and finally, as Miss Martineau with Victorian restraint remarks, "all the nicer cares of maternal management." The wearisome journey to Cincinnati had to be made with a green shade over her eyes, and the animated and vivacious girl was condemned to complete inactivity. With undiminished courage and faith, however, the minister and his wife arrived at their post and took up once more their pastoral duties, and in the following year a daughter, Ellen Derby, later the wife of President Eliot, of Harvard University, was born. Writing to the mother, the young missionary expresses the resignation with which his anxieties and sorrows were met: "I doubt not it is all for the best. I have learned to believe that whatever Providence orders, be

termined and dark. For some months the husband assisted Dr. William Ellery Channing in Boston, happy in this intimacy with the great preacher, but ill-adjusted to the conditions of a metropolitan church. During that winter also he served as Chaplain at the House of Representatives in Boston, but this formal duty was uncongenial to one who had come to love the freedom of a frontier ministry. Light finally broke on the wanderers through a call to the Church in New Bedford, Massachusetts, where an arrangement as colleague with a beloved friend, the Reverend J. H. Morison, promised light responsibilities amid restorative surroundings; and in the seven happy years of this ministry the first sense of home was permitted to the much-enduring and nomadic pair.

It was a pastorate which provided a harbor of refuge for a man who had been battered by many storms and now found himself in much need of repair. The congregation was for the most part of Quaker stock, inheriting not only prosperity from the whaling-trade, but strong convictions on the burning issue of slavery. New Bedford had many of the characteristics of Salem. Along the water-front might be seen swarthy men from

THE NEW BEDFORD CHURCH

tropical lands and storehouses for precious cargoes; while the peculiar nature of the thriving trade was indicated by the all-prevailing odor of oil. On the hill above the harbor were rows of stately houses set along the shaded streets, with carved doorways, and an air of composure and refinement inherited from generations of peace-making and liberty-loving Friends. The attire and habits of the Quakers were still the ruling element in social life, and their Meeting was still strongly maintained and was famous for its local preachers. The internal schism in the society of Friends had, however, alienated an important group from their orthodox brethren, and these Hicksites, sharing the convictions of Unitarians, allied themselves with that communion and brought to the New Bedford church an important contribution, not only of wealth but of spiritual responsiveness and intellectual liberty. They cared little for the Church as an institution but much for the communion of the soul with God, and this quality of Quaker piety won the heart of Ephraim Peabody and inclined the people to welcome his devout appeal.

Here, then, something like continuity and stability became practicable for a growing family, and the

minister, though restricted in activity, found himself among appreciative and kindly friends. His dear associate, James Freeman Clarke, still holding his outpost at Louisville, Kentucky, sent, with characteristic humor, his congratulations on this transition to a more normal life:

"So they tell me that you and Mary Jane are going to New Bedford, to build your house not on a rock but on whalebone. . . . But tell me, would it be prudent for you to preach about the foolish virgins not having oil in their lamps? Would it not be considered rather personal? I suppose it would not answer to talk about carrying oil *well beaten* into the sanctuary. . . . It must be disagreeable to be wholly debarred from any subject. But it 's so with most of us. We can't well preach about slavery here. You in New Bedford must not touch on Jonah, and I suppose the mention of Leviathan might occasion unpleasant associations among your aristocrats. But, say, have you not some conscientious scruples about receiving salary procured by such a slaughter of the innocents? Methinks when you reflect on the thousands of harmless sea-monsters whose gambollings were cut short in order that you might

enjoy the comforts and luxuries — but I forbear! I am over-sensitive, I suppose, on such points, but you had better not read the 'Ancient Mariner'!"

Life in this provincial town was, as in Salem, self-centred and not lacking in self-esteem; but the tides of the time flowed in on these lovers of freedom and swept them into sympathy with the oppressed and enslaved. New Bedford was a well-recognized terminal station on the Underground Railroad, and colored refugees from the South found themselves protected on New Bedford vessels and safely landed among the cargoes of oil and bone. One day a negro, thus escaping from his master, came ashore on the water-front, and walked up the hill as a free man. A load of coal lay on the sidewalk before Ephraim Peabody's house, and the refugee asked the minister's wife for the job of housing it. The applicant was Frederick Douglass, who was destined soon to be the most stirring of negro orators, and the dollar which he thus earned was the first money which was ever his own. He became a man-of-all-work at the minister's house, though much more inclined, it is said, to sit on the kitchen table and read than to work with his hands; and he is reported to have defended this in-

activity by affirming that he "occupied his leisure hours by perusing the study of French."

The years thus passed in New Bedford by Ephraim Peabody were fruitful in pastoral activity and in intellectual production. His studies of literature and life were welcomed by the "North American Review" and the "Christian Examiner," the two principal organs of New England scholarship. An essay on "Christian Principles of Reform" foreshadowed the leadership in philanthropy which he was later to hold, and a formal eulogy on President Harrison, delivered by request of the town authorities, indicates the place which the preacher had come to hold in the community. Four children were born, two of whom died in infancy, while the name of the third, Anna Huidekoper, recalled the father's first venture Westward, and that of the fourth, Robert Swain, recognized an affectionate intimacy established in New Bedford. Much happiness was found by the minister and his family as guests of the devoted parishioner who desired this association with the name of a son lately lost to him, and who, as lord of the lovely island of Naushon, was given the honorary title of "Governor" Swain. His Principality lay at the mouth

of the bay which opens from the harbor of New Bedford, and was at once easily accessible and happily secluded; and the hospitality of the "Governor" was lavish and patriarchal. Naushon was thickly wooded, and celebrated for its beeches, the most refined and umbrageous of American trees. From the coverts of underbrush peered wild deer, and through the vistas shone the sparkling sea. It was a paradise for children, for bird-lovers, and for dreamers, and in the autumn sportsmen gathered for the annual hunt. To this fairy island the minister's family was welcomed, and while the young people galloped off on ponies or feasted by some secluded lake, the father was moved to verse-making, and the "Island Book" made his vehicle each summer for praises of Naushon, of which the following lines are an example:

"The plashing waves rush up the beach,
The soft airs nestle midst the leaves,
And sun with shade, in forest glade,
A web of mingled glory weaves.
The waving corn has Nature's grace;
Across the Sound the sails move slow;
All nature wears the self-same face
As it did sixteen years ago.

"Yet not the same, for human hearts
Have shared and loved the lonely isle,
And human features, as in life,
From every opening vista smile.
I walk alone, yet not alone; —
O sorcery of the shaping thought!
I turn to see some vanished one
Vanished, but never here forgot.

"Transfigured isle! The sun shines bright
On many a fair and varied scene; —
On other shores, waves dance in light,
And summer woods flush out in green,
But here the isle is all transformed!
Each glade and wood their story tell
Of idle hours, not idly spent,
Of friends that ever with us dwell;
A home of peace 'neath heaven's blue tent,
Arched o'er by the Invisible."

The duties of the church at New Bedford, however, though lightened by the coöperation of a colleague, became too exacting for Ephraim Peabody's frail health, and the constant pressure of expenditure on a very limited income was burdensome and harassing. There emerged also in the preacher's consciousness a sense

both of the brevity of his life and of a message which he had to give, and these convictions combined to direct his mind toward a larger exercise of the preacher's gift. If he could in the short time left to him convey to others the word of God which had been spoken to him, and through his preaching make their religious life more genuine and effective, he might leave to others the problems of church administration and expansion, and feel that he was accomplishing the work which was given him to do. With these solemn anticipations and desires he finally accepted a call to the ministry of King's Chapel in Boston, where the established tradition of piety and reverence seemed peculiarly favorable for the work he had at heart. The decision was not reached without grave hesitation and delay. In 1843 the suggestion had been made, but the wardens of King's Chapel reported that "a letter received from Mr. Peabody precludes all hope of such a result." Two years later, in 1845, the call was renewed, and the New Bedford minister replied, "It is with many hesitations and fears, and with something also of hope, that I would now signify to you my acceptance of your invitation." It might, he said to a friend, give him

ten years more of life to undertake this specific and congenial task, while it was probable that in New Bedford he would not live more than five years. His waning vitality would, he believed, be quickened by utilizing his gifts of utterance and persuasion. This anticipation was almost precisely fulfilled. He came to Boston in 1845 and died there in 1856, and his ministry of ten short years has remained for more than a half century a fragrant memory. His life had been like the day of which the Prophet wrote — a day known unto the Lord, not clear nor dark, not day nor night; but the promise was fulfilled that at evening-time there should be light.

CHAPTER IV

Light at Evening-Time

THE church to which Ephraim Peabody was thus called to give the last years of his short life — he died before he was fifty — had inherited and maintained a tradition which was unique in the United States, and for which it would be difficult to find a parallel in the world. On the one hand it had been a cradle of religious liberty. Originally built to represent the Church of England in a colony dominated by Puritanism, provided with a canopied pew for the Governor, and adorned with a royal crown and two attending mitres above its organ, it became during the Revolutionary War a symbol of secession and a centre of revolt. No sooner did the strategy of Washington seize on the heights of South Boston and threaten the harbor, than the Rector of King's Chapel, Dr. Caner, with eighteen other Episcopal clergymen from Boston and the neighborhood, hastily took ship for Halifax. "I had but six or seven hours," he writes, "to pre-

pare for this measure, being obliged to embark the same day for Halifax, where we arrived the first of April. This sudden movement prevented me from saving my books, furniture, or any part of my interest except bedding, wearing apparel, and a little provision for my small family during the passage." These hours, however, few as they were, gave Dr. Caner time to take into his possession and carry away with him, not only his "books and furniture," but the Church registers of King's Chapel, and — what was much more important — the Church plate, numbering more than twenty pieces, the gifts of three Kings of England to their Royal Chapel. The Registers were recovered from Dr. Caner's heirs more than a quarter of a century later, but all efforts to discover the resting-place of the precious flagons and basins have been in vain; and the venerable Rector must be mercifully reckoned as being more loyal to his faith and its symbols than he was scrupulous in observing the legal or even ethical conditions of his trust. It has been said by a historian, inclined to sympathize with Dr. Caner, but with somewhat ironical commendation, that the property thus transported to Halifax was "afterwards dis-

KING'S CHAPEL IN 1850

posed of in the Province by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel."

Most of Dr. Caner's congregation, being Loyalists, became with him refugees, and the remainder of the congregation summoned a young and patriotic preacher, James Freeman, then but twenty-three years of age, "to officiate in the capacity of a reader for six months." In April, 1783, he was chosen Pastor of the church. The young minister applied, both to Bishop Seabury of Connecticut and to Dr. Provoost, Bishop-elect of New York, for ordination, but the changes already introduced in the form of worship made these ecclesiastics disinclined to endorse him. The examination given him by his Anglican superiors amply justified their suspicions. "You do not, then," said his inquisitors, "believe in the doctrine of the Trinity?" "No." "This appears to us very strange. We can think of no texts which countenance your opinion. We should be glad to hear you mention some." "It would ill become me, gentlemen, to dispute with persons of your learning and abilities. But, if you will give me leave, I will repeat two passages which appear to be decisive: 'There is one God, and one Mediator between God and

man, the man Christ Jesus.' 'There is one God, the Father, and one Lord, Jesus Christ.' In both these passages Jesus Christ is plainly distinguished from God, and in the last God is expressly declared to be the Father. To this they made no other reply than an 'Ah!' which echoed round the room. 'But are not all the attributes of the Father,' said one, 'attributed to the Son in the Scriptures? Is not omnipotence, for instance?' 'It is true,' I answered, 'that our Saviour says of himself, "All power is given unto me, in heaven and earth." You will please to observe here that the power is said to be given. It is a derived power.' " In the difficult situation thus created, it was boldly determined that Mr. Freeman should be ordained to the Christian ministry, not by a Bishop or even by a Congregational Council, but by action of his parishioners themselves, thus assuming for the church the position of absolute independency; and the form of ordination used is an interesting instance of originality, and even of audacity, in ecclesiastical procedure.

"On Sunday, 18th November, 1787, after the Rev. Mr. Freeman had finished the reading of Evening Prayer, the Wardens joined him in the reading-desk,

when the Senior Warden (Thomas Bulfinch, M.D.) made a short but pertinent address to the vestrymen, proprietors, and congregation, on the importance of the service in which they were now engaging. 'Brethren of the Vestry, proprietors, and congregation, who statedly worship in this church, at your last meeting at this place you appointed this day for the ordination of the Rev. Mr. Freeman; you then determined it by a vote which I shall now read, to be signed by the Wardens on your behalf. But as this mode of procedure may appear new and unprecedented to some of this audience, it may not be amiss to assign a reason for adopting it. It is now upwards of four years since you made choice of the Rev. Mr. Freeman for your Minister, since which time you have been anxious for his ordination, that he might be empowered to administer the ordinances of the Gospel; and although you have repeatedly sought for this power, yet you have not been able to obtain it. Some hopes have been conceived from the American Bishops, the Right Rev. Dr. Seabury, and since from the Rt. Rev. Dr. Provoost; but that prospect being still distant, you have adopted the present mode rather than be longer deprived of

those ordinances. As the business before us is of a serious and important nature, it becomes us to begin it with a solemn address to the great Parent of mankind."

"The first ordaining prayer was then read by the Rev. Mr. Freeman. The Senior Warden then read the ordaining vote; viz.:

"'We the Wardens, vestry, proprietors, and congregation of King's Chapel, or First Episcopal Church in Boston, do by virtue of the third article in the Declaration of Rights, hereby solemnly elect, ordain, constitute, and appoint the Rev. James Freeman, of said Boston, to be our Rector, Minister, Public Teacher, Priest, Pastor, and teaching Elder, to preach the word of God, and to dispense lessons and instructions in piety, religion, and morality; and to minister the holy sacraments in the congregation; and to do, perform, and discharge all the other duties and offices which of right belong to any other Rector, minister, public teacher, Pastor, teaching elder, or Priest in orders.

"'And it is hereby understood and intended that the authority and rights hereby given to the said James Freeman to be our Rector, Minister, public Teacher,

Priest, teaching Elder and Pastor, are to remain in full force so long as he shall continue to preach the word of God, and dispense instructions in piety, religion, and morality, conformably to our opinions and sentiments of the Holy Scriptures, and no longer; and that our judgment of his not thus conforming to our religious sentiments and opinions shall be ascertained by the votes of three fourths of the Wardens and vestry, and of three fourths of the proprietors usually worshipping in said church, separately and individually taken.

"'Brethren, if this vote be agreeable to your minds, if you readily and cheerfully adopt it, if you mean to convey all the powers expressed in it, please to signify it.'

"In token of their unanimous approbation, the proprietors lifted up their right hands.

"'If it is your desire that the said vote be now signed by the Wardens in your behalf, please to signify it.'

"The proprietors, as before, unanimously lifted up their right hands.

"The Senior Warden, then addressing Mr. Freeman, said: 'Rev. Sir, it appears by the vote in favor

of your ordination that you are lawfully chosen; it is expected that you now declare your acceptance of the choice.'

"Mr. Freeman then read and presented to the Senior Warden the following, subscribed by him; viz.:

"'To the Wardens, vestry, proprietors, and congregation of the Chapel or First Episcopal Church in Boston.

"'Brethren, with cheerfulness and gratitude I accept your election and ordination which I believe to be valid and apostolic. And I pray God to enable me to preach the word, and to administer the ordinances of religion in such a manner as that I may promote his glory, the honor of the Redeemer, and your spiritual edification.

"'James Freeman.'

"The Senior Warden then delivered to Mr. Freeman a copy of the ordaining vote, signed by the Wardens; and laying his hand on Mr. Freeman, said:

"'I do then, as Senior Warden of this church, by virtue of the authority delegated to me, in the presence of Almighty God and before these witnesses, declare you, the Rev. James Freeman, to be the Rector,

Minister, Priest, Pastor, public Teacher, and teaching Elder of this Episcopal church; in testimony whereof I deliver you this book [delivering him a Bible], containing the holy oracles of Almighty God, enjoining a due observance of all the precepts contained therein, particularly those which respect the duty and office of a Minister of Jesus Christ. And the Lord bless you and keep you, the Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and give you peace now and for evermore.'

"The whole Assembly, as one man, spontaneously and emphatically pronounced Amen. The Rev. Mr. Freeman then read the second ordaining prayer, and after an anthem was sung by the choir, preached on the duties and offices of a Christian minister. Another anthem then closed the Evening Service."

Through all the years since that solemn occasion the principle of independency has been scrupulously maintained in King's Chapel. Each minister has been ordained or installed by representatives of the congregation itself; and the fellowship of the church with other churches, though it may be offered upon occasion, has never left the autonomy of King's Chapel in doubt. In the same spirit of independent integrity James Free-

man proceeded to revise the Anglican liturgy for the use of those to whom Anglican doctrine and authority had become unwelcome. The forms and order of the Prayer-Book were maintained, but the Nicene Creed was omitted, together with all allusions to the doctrine of the Trinity; and there was substituted for the Trinitarian doxology the Biblical ascription: "Now unto the King Eternal, Immortal, Invisible." Other amendments in the interest either of truth or of taste were made, such as the substitution in the Litany of "death unprepared for" as a fate from which one should pray: "Good Lord, deliver us," rather than from the friendly visitation of "sudden death."

On the other hand, the same church which had so rigidly guarded its right to independence, and so boldly adapted itself to a new world, not less scrupulously and continuously fostered the habits of worship and the spirit of reverence which the earlier tradition had promoted. Though the liturgy was modified, its form remained; and the stately ritual, with its penitential prayers and noble collects, still gave dignity to worship. Still the crown and mitres stood at one end of the church, and the minister, solemnly preceded by a ver-

ger, and wearing a black robe and white bands, mounted to the reading-desk, and thence climbed to the bell-shaped pulpit, to deliver his discourse. Still the church was governed by Wardens and a Vestry, and the communicants knelt at the chancel rail. Still the cycle of the Christian year was observed, and Advent, Ash Wednesday, Lent, and Whitsunday reverently commemorated. Still the worthies of the congregation, after the manner of the early Christians, stood erect during prayer. On the walls still stood the ornate monuments reporting the virtues of English benefactors and loyalist parishioners; and the organ, which had been the gift of Queen Anne, and had been selected by Handel, was the same on which had been played a dirge at the death of Washington, and on that momentous day when the body of Warren was laid before the altar after the battle of Bunker's Hill. "Our liturgy," wrote Ephraim Peabody's successor, "is a double and most interesting inheritance. It is the child, by regular descent, of the primitive worship of the Christian Church through the Church of England; and it is the child of the Revolution, and bears the impress of that tremendous movement in our national life. It was formed when

the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States did not yet exist, but only a number of scattered and independent churches which had belonged to the Church of England. A little later, acting on the same principle, — that *some* revision of the old forms was necessary, — those other churches made a Prayer-Book; as this Society, exercising its Christian right as an independent Church, had already done."

King's Chapel was thus, as it still remains, one of the most interesting and beautiful church buildings in the United States. Its vaulted roof and Corinthian columns, its walls inscribed with names contemporary with the Stuarts and the Georges, and its cherished manners and customs, still distinguish it alike from the severity of Puritan meeting-houses and from the ostentation of modern art. It stood, and still stands, like a gray tower among the tides of the city's streets; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Such a fusion of opposite traits, of liberty and law, of progress and piety, could not but be singularly congenial to a minister who, after many years of controversy on the frontier, desired an unhindered opportunity for the teaching of pure and practical religion; and the poetic nature of

Ephraim Peabody breathed freely in this atmosphere of reverent piety and ancient forms.

The Boston of 1847 was a compact and neighborly town, with wharves and counting-houses behind King's Chapel, and spacious houses lining the hill in front. Fortunately for the architecture of the city, a son of King's Chapel, Charles Bulfinch, had travelled in Europe and had brought home with him the conception of long and curving blocks, as in Regent's Circus, or the Crescents which abound in England; and the beautiful sweep of Franklin Street, the Colonnade Row on Tremont Street, and the admirable façades of Park Street, gave to Boston an external refinement which matched the sober and gracious lives within. The town reached its southern limit at the foot of the Common, and the whole area beyond, now covered with luxurious homes, was a sheet of water which justified the title of the "Back Bay."

Mr. Charles Francis Adams, writing of Boston society as it appeared to him in 1856, described it as "the outgrowth of ten generations of colonial and provincial life, about as senseless, unmeaning and frivolous as could by any possibility be imagined. . . . The

trouble with Boston socially," he says, "is that it is an eddy, so to speak, in the great world current. With powerful formative traditions it has a keen self-appreciation. For strangers well introduced it is a delightful city; for a lifelong residence it is curiously conventional and *borné*." These cynical comments would have been much more justified in 1847 than ten years later. Boston was a provincial town, with the limited interests and fictitious self-respect which such detachment promotes. Yet this narrow provincialism, like the narrow streets of the town, gave it a peculiar character, promoting intimacy and fortifying personal influence. The individual had not been crushed under the pressure of the mass. There was a singular survival of the English tradition, but through that conservatism of habit and taste had blown the fresh wind of the Revolution. As in the ritual of King's Chapel, forms remained conventional while thought had become free.

Such, then, was the favoring environment which persuaded Ephraim Peabody to give what remained of life to the work of a metropolitan preacher. "I have sent my answer," he writes to his mother and sister,

"accepting the invitation to King's Chapel. . . . It has cost me a great struggle to leave New Bedford, but I have no doubt I have done rightly in taking the step. May God grant that in this new sphere of duty, whether successful or not to the world's eyes, I may be a faithful minister." The ten years which followed were, as he had hoped, stimulating and productive, and the overflow of his preaching filled many pages of the "Christian Register," of which he became an editor, and of the more formal files of the "North American Review." "Religious Decision" (1847); "The Religious Culture of the Young" (1850); and "Mystery, Reason, and Faith" (1851), were tracts issued by the American Unitarian Association; and still another, "Come over and help us" (1855), was expressly addressed in the form of a letter to his friend, George Putnam, who had, it would seem, questioned the missionary responsibilities of the liberal churches. More prophetic of the approach of a socialized Christianity were his contributions to the new science of social service, which his friend, Dr. Joseph Tuckerman, was already creating by his constructive and epoch-making schemes. Ephraim Peabody's sermon on "Pauperism in Bos-

ton," preached before the "Society for the Prevention of Pauperism," in Cambridge (1849), strikes a singularly modern note. It enumerates the statistics of dependents, delinquents, and defectives in the Commonwealth, and italicizes the statement that these elements are "*increasing at a far more rapid rate than the population.*" It summarizes the agencies of relief, and describes the plan of Tuckerman, based on that of Chalmers, and anticipating by many years what is now credited to Germany under the title of the "Elberfeld System." Finally, it points out that the problems of the aged and of the children call for specific methods and a less officialized spirit, and that a plan of industrial education in the public schools might reduce the bulk of pauperism. In all these reflections the sermon anticipates much which has become the axioms of municipal relief, and shares the prophetic character which is so marked in the works and words of Tuckerman. The same sound judgment is exhibited in a sermon before the "Boston Fraternity of Churches." The permanent causes of poverty are distinguished from the temporary and remediable causes, and the care of the vagrant, the immigrant, and the children

detached from the control of the "profligate and abandoned classes." The latter may be in large degree committed to the penalties of the law, but the former make the proper charge of a "Ministry at Large," such as Tuckerman had with much originality and persistency already undertaken.

Much more conspicuous and much less welcome was the notoriety in which Ephraim Peabody became involved through a painstaking and candid article which appeared in the "North American Review" of October, 1851, on "Slavery in the United States, its Evils, Alleviation, and Remedies"; and which was greeted by a storm of censure and derision from that formidable group in Massachusetts which was already contending for immediate abolition. The article was in the main a restatement of Mr. Webster's position as maintained in his speech, at once so warmly commended and so bitterly condemned, of the 7th of March, 1850; and it is evident from the somewhat labored form of Ephraim Peabody's argument that he was led to undertake it from a sense of grave obligation rather than with any passion for the controversy. His condemnation of slavery as an institution is unqualified and out-

spoken. "Here is the curse of slavery. . . . The master is as much fettered to one end of the chain as the slave is to the other. . . . The very soil of the South is blasted by slavery, and there is not one moral or social interest which does not feel its disastrous influence." Yet the article points out that a forcible and immediate emancipation of the slaves is sure to involve, not only a violation of the rights of sovereign States, but also as a consequence the rupture of the Union between the States. The Abolitionists had already announced their indifference to any Union in which slavery should be at any point tolerated. At the Anniversary Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, in January, 1850, it was resolved: "That we seek a dissolution of the Union, . . . and do invite and entreat all our fellow citizens and the friends of justice, humanity, and true liberty throughout the Northern States to unite with us in laboring for so glorious an object." Against this precipitate and provocative agitation Webster and his supporters urged that such a partition of territory could occur only through civil war. "There can be no such thing," said the Massachusetts Senator, accurately

prophesying the course of events which culminated ten years later, "as peaceable secession. Peaceable secession is an utter impossibility. . . . This Union can be broken up; every government can be. That is revolution — that is revolution." Thus, with the dominant desire to escape the horrors of fratricidal war, the supporters of Webster scrutinized the possibilities of a gradual extermination of the social malady of slavery. Ephraim Peabody enumerates the remedial measures proposed. The growth of an emancipation party in the Southern States, the decrease of slave population in the Border States, the increasing number of free negroes, the example of Great Britain in the emancipation of 800,000 slaves in the West Indies in 1838, and — more than all — the hopefulness of colonization in Africa or Jamaica — all these suggestions of mitigation or elimination are emphasized as alternatives for the awful disaster of disunion through civil war, which, as he said, was like "breaking up a noble ship in order that the crew might find a greater safety on the rafts constructed out of the fragments."

The denunciations roused by these proposals, which appeared to the abolitionists the palliation of a hideous

crime, were unmeasured in their violence. Horace Mann wrote of Webster's speech: "He is a fallen star — Lucifer descending from heaven. His intellectual life has been one great epic, and now he has given a vile catastrophe to its closing pages." Theodore Parker, whose gift for vituperation was singularly associated with his genius for devout aspiration and prayer, permitted himself to call Ephraim Peabody, a brother in the ministry: "The spaniel of King's Chapel"; — an epithet which justified Samuel G. Howe in writing, later, to Parker: "Dear Parker, you overrate things; you are childish about some matters of commonsense. . . . [You have] a besetting sin, in which some of your friends encourage you; — uncharitableness of thought and word."

It is easy at this distance to appreciate the contending forces which in 1850 thrust good men so far asunder. The conservatives were, as history has demonstrated, justified in their anticipation that the agitation of abolition must lead to war; but they could not foresee that the war would strengthen the Union instead of disrupting it. The abolitionists, on the other hand, were justified in believing that the Southern

States could not be induced to surrender the economic advantages of slavery without compulsion, but they also anticipated that disunion must ensue. It was Lincoln who met this dilemma by announcing that the war, of which — as all parties knew — slavery was the real cause, should be fought, not primarily for the emancipation of the slaves, but for the preservation of the Union. Himself an outspoken abolitionist, he nevertheless wrote, in his famous letter to Horace Greeley: "My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that." Such a position encountered bitter condemnation from the radical group, and Wendell Phillips, whose vocabulary of denunciation rivalled that of Theodore Parker, alluded to Lincoln as "the slave-hound from Illinois"; but the verdict of history approves this sequence of decisions, which postponed the Emancipation Proclamation until the course of the war had demonstrated that the Union itself was saved. Both parties,

in short, during this fierce ante-bellum period, were moved by honorable purposes which both believed must lead to irreconcilable ends. One party was prepared to tolerate slavery as a temporary evil, lest in its forcible abolition the Union should be lost; the other party was prepared to welcome the disruption of the Union if one half of it could be saved from responsibility for an inhuman crime. By the tragic events which were soon to follow, both of the aims so feverishly desired, — the preservation of the Union and the emancipation of the slaves, — were to be at last attained, though neither in an order nor in a way which either of the contending factions could foresee.

In fact, there was in those days of hot discussion more than one way in which a conscientious friend of liberty could aid the slave; and some of those who were not ready to face the tragedy of civil war applied themselves quite as actively as their more uncompromising neighbors to practical methods of service. The peace-loving minister of King's Chapel had already, in New Bedford, been the first to welcome Frederick Douglass into freedom and to direct his education; and in Boston the same gentle counsellor be-

came the chief agent in promoting a colony for runaway slaves in Canada which had been established by a refugee who had acquired the title of "Father Henson." This black hero, whose shoulders were stiff from the floggings endured as a slave, was a frequent visitor in Ephraim Peabody's home, and a communicant at the chancel of King's Chapel. The minister's children would listen with quickened breath as the negro told them of his escape, and of his learning to read, and to distinguish "B" from "P" by its "having two stomachs instead of one." A great log of black walnut, sent by Father Henson from his farm, and laboriously converted into a bookcase, still remains a permanent memorial of his affectionate loyalty. In 1852 Ephraim Peabody wrote in his diary: "Father Henson called by appointment, and I drew up a formal statement [for his colony]: 3000 or 4000 blacks are in a circle of fifteen miles about 'Dawn.' There is hardly a hut in which some one does not read or write. . . . All the fugitives come to him, and he has sometimes given away not less than 300 or 400 bushels of grain in a year."

These excursions into the danger-zone of political

controversy and social agitation did not, however, represent the chosen course of Ephraim Peabody's ministry. Nothing but the sternest sense of duty to his country could have driven him to venture among the storms of politics and encounter the animosity of reformers; as nothing but the same sense of duty to his city had drawn him to study the statistics of poverty and to organize a system of relief. These undertakings were the by-products of a temperament which found its natural expression in the conduct of worship, the appeal to the individual soul, and the lyrical utterance of the spiritual life. He became, as the minister of an important city church must be, the adviser of many practical enterprises. The "Provident Association of the City of Boston" recorded in its notice of his death that it "chiefly owes its origin to him." The "Ministry at Large" became a special charge of his church, and its chapels and schools were the mission-field of his young people. Yet these philanthropic organizations do not indicate the nature of a ministry which has been for a half-century so tenderly remembered. His ten years of service in Boston are an extraordinary evidence of the effect which may be made by the contagion of personal

KING'S CHAPEL PULPIT

religion, and the impression left by a life in habitual communion with the Eternal. His ascetic presence was in itself an organ of speech. "His eyes," a colleague wrote of him, "opened to you like the great ocean under the gentle and solemn stars"; and another listener described him as "so gentle and so grave it might be thought one of the old Puritans, leaving his austerity behind and keeping his righteousness, had appeared in our generation." Thus it was in the pulpit of King's Chapel that his work was done; and that pulpit is a symbol of his preaching — high, detached, pure white, and interpreting from above the problems of life below.

Two posthumous volumes, one edited by a parishioner in King's Chapel, the other prepared by his former colleague at New Bedford, indicate with precision both the limitation and the power of Ephraim Peabody's ministry in Boston. The first is a collection of sermons, selected for the most part by him during the last weeks of his life, and intended to represent his message. "Now that I stand," he wrote to his parishioners, "on the brink of that river (not always dark), I wish that my farewell words may be those that I have expressed in preceding years." This collection is, however, a strik-

ing evidence of the questionable judgment which one is apt to pass upon his own work. The writer of hundreds of sermons plans to preserve those which are of the most permanent significance, and his choice falls for the most part on his more ambitious and laborious productions. Theological discussions on "Miraculous Interposition," "Authority," "The Resurrection of Christ," "The Raising of Lazarus," "Nature with and without a Revelation of Immortality," seemed to Ephraim Peabody most worthy of preservation in print. Among these contributions to the thought of his time there were inserted, it is true, some sermons on more congenial themes, inviting imaginative or poetic treatment — "Chambers of imagery," "A Voice behind thee," "Stand in thy lot"; but the prevailing note of the volume is intellectual and argumentative, and as a consequence it has had but a passing interest. It was an error in self-judgment into which many a teacher or preacher has fallen. One is inclined to estimate highly what has been hardest to do, and to fancy that argument may survive while personality must perish. The fact often is, however, that the most permanent influence of a teacher may be conveyed by his most acci-

dental and unstudied self-expression, and that a lyric of the soul may outlive a proof of God. "If a man were permitted," said Fletcher of Saltoun, "to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." If a man, it might be said to the same effect, be permitted to report from his own experience the life of God in the soul of man, he may leave to others the defence of Theism.

So it was with this parish minister as his life hastened to its close. The volume of his sermons has had the usual fate of such literature, and in spite of a few redeeming discourses, must now be sought in some sepulchral library, where the dust of dead books is rarely disturbed. A wholly different destiny, on the other hand, has befallen a second volume, confessedly compiled from fragments, and designed for occasional reading. "Christian Days and Thoughts" (1858) was edited by Ephraim Peabody's loyal friend, the Reverend J. H. Morison, and follows in its plan the cycle of the Christian Year which the ritual of King's Chapel observed. It selects from many sermons and addresses brief paragraphs which seem appropriate or appealing. There are "Thoughts" for each festival commemorating

Christian history or hope, and these reflections are disconnected and incomplete. All is fragmentary and suggestive, and might seem to be of ephemeral interest. Yet this little book, designed as the memorial of a modest ministry, has had a continuous vitality for sixty years, and is still prized in many homes as a manual of devotion. It stands by bedsides, or is used in family worship, along with the "Imitation of Christ," and the "Theologia Germanica." An interesting evidence of its catholicity was provided many years after Ephraim Peabody's death, when a Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church received a letter from a correspondent who was quite unaware that the author of this little book was not of that communion, urging its republication as an aid to faith. In short, the poetic gift which in his earlier years Ephraim Peabody had expressed without distinguished success in versification, had at last found its open channel of utterance in lyric prose; and the dictum, later announced by Martineau, that religion is essentially akin to poetry, was illustrated by the analogies and figures in which the struggles and conquests of Christian experience were graphically portrayed.

Thus, at the beginning of the New Year, he says: "Life is a journey. The analogy runs out into particulars. On the journey most of the time is spent in travelling a previously selected road. But at intervals we come to a parting of the ways — ways widely divergent and leading to very different ends; and we must choose which we will take. At one of these landmarks we stand to-day. We do not make it an occasion; already in the order of things it has been made so by Providence. . . . Here you stand at the parting of the ways; some road you are to take; and as you stand here it is for you to consider how it is that you intend to live. As you review the past, there are many positive evils which you know ought to be left behind. Carry no bad habits, no corrupting associations, no enmities and strifes, into this new year. Leave these behind, and let the dead Past bury its dead."

Again, in describing the self-confidence of youth, he uses an illustration which his hearers never forgot: "I once knew a young man, celebrated through all the region where he lived as a strong and vigorous swimmer. With a brother and two or three friends, he visited a solitary beach to bathe. It was a lovely day of

summer. He swam out farther than his companions dared. He sported with the waves. He moved in them as if a part of their own buoyant substance. But unawares the tide had turned. He now sought the shore, but the current of the waters set against him. He found, to his dismay, that with his utmost exertions he could scarcely keep his place. His companions called to him, cheered him, sought for means of reaching him; but on the desolate, uninhabited coast no means could be found. He was too familiar with the sea not to know his danger. He struck out in the yielding waters with desperate strength. For an hour or more he maintained his place, but could not approach the land. And then his arm grew feeble. His friends could see that he gradually receded. Before him was the shore, the blue heavens above; the white sails of distant ships shone in the sun as they came and went on their peaceful errands; but for him there was no help! They watched with straining eyes, that they might not lose him from sight, yet hoping for his rescue. But even while they looked, he was gone, and nothing remained but the heaving waves, and the hollow moanings of the infinite sea which had received him into its depths."

And yet again, in urging moral discipline, he says: "To make a catalogue of duties is not to insure their permanence. They are but the line of foam on the beach, which shows how high the tide rises, but does not make it rise." The truth is, as his friend, George Putnam, said, after Ephraim Peabody's death: "He was not always an impressive preacher. Not being largely endowed with those gifts of temperament that constitute a born orator . . . his reliance was upon what he was utterly unconscious of — the Apostolic gravity, simplicity, sincerity, and weight of his own presence and character. This gave a charm and power to whatever he said, though he knew it not. 'He wist not that his face shone.'"

Here, then, was illustrated what an unadorned and unambitious way of preaching may accomplish, with no other art than a love of beauty and a devotion to truth. The theology of his generation has in large part had its day and ceased to be, and his own efforts to define Christian doctrine have passed with others into oblivion; but his spiritual experience and moral insight have a quality of timelessness which keep even a book alive. "It was sometimes difficult," a friend wrote of

him, "to understand how he acquired such an influence. He was not a man of extraordinary learning, yet it was impossible to be with him and not be influenced by his opinions. The secret of his power was in his honesty, simplicity, and wisdom. . . . He was the most extraordinary judge of character it was ever my fortune to know."

These were the gifts which gave him distinction in a way which often surprised his friends and must have been still more surprising to himself. It was in the quality of his conversation. His preaching was, indeed, little more than animated and intimate conversation; and when he passed to the casual relations of neighborly life, the same simplicity, insight, and elevation gave him an exceptional place. Leaders of the professions and of the business world found the talk of this unsophisticated minister peculiarly worthy of attention, and as the progress of his disease became obvious, and the effort of conducting worship compelled rest, men of the world would gather on Sunday evening by Ephraim Peabody's couch and draw from him his views of nature and life, of public and private duty. In short, the same "wisdom from above" which had chastened the

confident optimism of the Middle West in 1835 was recognized twenty years later as competent to advise the somewhat satiated thought of Boston. A brilliant and sympathetic colleague, in describing Ephraim Peabody's character, dwelt on this quality of conversation as his finest gift. "It was a continuous, unpremeditated overflow of clear, sparkling, gentle waters. It appeared as if his mind, having filled up with its natural variety, quietly let it ripple over the margin of his lips. It was not a talk, but a release of ideas. He let the mirth of others break into his lapsing talk like the occurring of ripples in a serene course; but his mind seemed most naturally engaged in the equable diffusion of its own surplus, to deposit golden instruction and suggestion quietly by the way, not to leap wide in flashes, nor to settle in deep pools. His conversation was the autumn harvesting of a temperate zone, and his preaching was a more elevated conversation."

Such were the experiences and teachings of this modest parish minister, as in middle age he saw before him a close approaching end. The cloud of invalidism had already risen above the horizon of his life, and the words of his Master were daily in his ear: "I must

work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work." Just at this time, however, there occurred two happy incidents which revived the courage both of husband and wife, and struck through the gathering gloom like a glint of sunshine. It happened, in the first place, that Mary Jane's younger sister, Laura, had married as her second husband the Honorable Robert C. Winthrop, a personage of much dignity in Massachusetts, who as a political leader shared with Edward Everett the mantle of Webster's oratory. Mr. Winthrop was in 1851 Speaker of the House of Representatives in Washington, and the minister's wife in Boston was persuaded to visit her sister and share the social gaieties of the Capital. It was like a call of the blood to one who, in her unremitting devotion to a missionary's life, had almost forgotten her youthful disposition. Still in the ashes of her girlhood lived their wonted fires; and Mary Jane threw herself into the frivolities of a Washington season with the keenest delight. Her letters would have satisfied her beautiful and worldly-minded Aunt Martha; but may well have been perplexing, as well as amusing, to the grave husband in Boston. The wife, still young

enough to be much admired, and perhaps the more admired for her ripened mind and ready wit, yielded herself for a short holiday to the enjoyment and observation of society and politics, for both of which she was so well adapted, and from which in her chosen life she had so completely withdrawn.

"Finally," she writes, "we reached Washington. In the evening Major-General Scott came in — a tall, elegant looking man 6 ft. 5 in. high. He was very gracious and pleasant. I dressed in dark silk, new bonnet and mantle, and went with Robert [Winthrop] in the carriage to the Capitol and down under-ground to the Supreme Court Room. Young Dwight saw us immediately and came forward, and took me to a nice seat just in front of Mr. Eliot and Miss Guild, in a comfortable easy chair. We were very near Mr. Webster — only one lady before me and a good profile of his face. Then the judges, eight of them, in full black robes, came in and took their places, and quite imposing it was. Chief Justice Taney in the centre and Judge McLane, looking like Ingersoll Bowditch, at his right, Judge Wood being at the extreme right. . . . At last it came to be one o'clock — carriage waiting without

all this time, but Mr. Webster arose and fatigue was forgotten. He spoke of the importance of the decision of the judges — not as affecting the property but as a precedent — quoted from St. Paul. In the evening we had quite an extemporaneous party. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner, Messrs. Eliot and Guild, and Mr. Thayer came in; and then Lord Bulwer, and Lady Bulwer in diamonds and yellow brocade, ready for a ball. . . .

"*Tuesday morning* — Went to drive with Laura [Mrs. Winthrop] to call at Mr. Corcoran's on Mrs. Gardner. We were shown into a splendid room with the richest ceiling and heavy yellow curtains. Mrs. G. came down in a morning dress made of silk like one of Aunt L.'s best evening dresses, lined with pink, — pink cap and trimmings. Showed us into the great new ball-room intended for pictures and lighted from the top . . . and on the bed her new dress just received from New York; glorified canary like Laura's — head-dress of velvet and feathers — then blue brocade lilac, etc. She was making a pair of fancy boots of plaid for Mrs. Stanley to wear as Helen McGregor at the fancy ball in the evening. . . . Then drove to the President's. Laura says I spy everything; and the first thing I saw

was high up on the window coping a narrow streamer of black, the remains of the Taylor mourning. We were ushered into the Blue Room, where we found the President in white gloves, but a handsome man. His wife and daughter might at least look decently to receive so much company, but Mrs. F. was an old dowdy in a bright yellow Canton crêpe scarf, yellow gloves and the most wretched cap and dress;—daughter not so flashy, but equally shabby. We staid but a moment and then passed through the Green Room to the great East Room. . . . Went to call upon the Cabinet. Corwin of Ohio, Secretary of the Treasury—a very stiff lady, surrounded by country cousins all standing like a bridal visit. Then Mrs. Graham, North Carolina. He is Secretary of the Navy. She was sitting in a warm room very sociably, wood-fire, and easy. Told us she had seven boys. Got warmed up there, for it was cold and cheerless out.

". . . There were six gentlemen here to dinner. Mr. Schenck, Mr. Vinton, Mr. Morey of Boston, Mr. Freeman Smith, Hugh White of N. Y., Stanley, N. C., and Judge Colby of N. B. I sat between Mr. Schenck and Vinton and a very nice dinner we

had. Sweetbreads and spinach, mutton cutlets and mushrooms, canvasbacks, all sorts of dainties cut up at the side table and handed round. I ran off immediately after dinner to rest myself for the evening—dressed in china silk and white head-dress for a ball at the National. Mr. Eliot called for me. Mrs. Grinnell and Sumner and other ladies received us in the drawing-room and then showed us into the ball-room. There were a good many handsome women and elegant toilettes. . . . Met also Commander Wilkes and daughter and other old friends.

"Dressed in the evening in Laura's velvet, and pink head-dress and went to the President's. An immense crowd of carriages and raining violently. Were shown into the family dining-room to disrobe; then through the Red Room, where hangs a large, fine picture of Washington by a Frenchman—the same which Mrs. Madison tore out of the frame and carried off when the English came in the last war to Washington. The President stood in the Blue Room, and his wife and daughter looked quite respectably this time. They were dressed in orange watered silks, alike; she with a black shawl and the daughter a white bertha. There were all

sorts of strange costumes. One lady with pink ostrich in her bosom. We made our way to Genl. Scott and shook hands; saw Baron Gerott, Prussian Minister, Commodore Morris, and then to our carriage from the crowd.

"Drove to Mr. Webster's. This was a gay, elegant, though crowded party. Mrs. W. very gracious. Mr. Clapp made way for me with great effort to the supper table and gave me ice and wine. . . . At six dressed in china silk and velvet bows and had a most delightful dinner party. I was handed in to dinner by Judge Wayne of Georgia, Mr. Corcoran on the other side. Eighteen at table, French cook, bonbons, bouquets, altogether elegant and very lively and short. Mutton cutlets and mushrooms; sweetbreads and spinach; canvasbacks, chicken and ham, alternate slices; then a beautiful dish made of chicken, the white meat only of six chickens pounded raw; then a charlotte russe dish garnished with truffles and tongue, and flavored with egg and spice and cooked in water. Sparkling hock and Constitution wine. Altogether very elegant. Judge Wayne said Mr. C. might have me five minutes for his ten — because he handed me in, and we had much

fun about this, Mr. C. telling him that if he was a judge he was not just.

"*Monday* . . . Drove home and after tea dressed in light silk, black bertha, black lace handkerchief and red flowers for Lady Bulwer's reception. Mr. Winthrop went with me; very cold rooms but brilliant company.

"*Tuesday*. Drove up for Eliza and home, I tired to death; undressed and laid down till time to dress for Mr. Corcoran's at six. Mr. Thayer met me in the hall and handed me into the room. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Ouseley by whom I was handed in, Col. and Mrs. Scott, Genl. Scott, Mr. J. J. Murray of N. Y., Gov. and Mrs. Seward of N. Y. I sat next him and we introduced ourselves by exchanging the cards at our plates. Splendid dinner, bouquets, bonbons, French dishes, etc. After dinner we strolled into the new elegant ball-room, surrounded by beautiful pictures, showing much taste. Mr. C. has bought the Greek Slave to ornament this room. Served with coffee, liqueurs, music, and after having had a fine time — home. . . . We came on without the Gardners to Philadelphia. Young Astor, grandson of J. Jacob, was along. Very nice young man, going to Europe."

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Meantime the husband, unperturbed by the insidious symptoms of enfeebling disease, was making full proof of his ministry and affecting his hearers the more deeply by the very pathos of his case. "It is," wrote a young parishioner to a friend, "as if one from another world spoke to us. We are ashamed of our paltry motives for actions, our weak leaning on the opinions of our fellow mortals, when we see him moving onward in his course, untouched by praise or blame. He is certainly more animated in the pulpit and more at ease. He looks very well but he is tired easily by walking or talking—his voice seems feeble too, when talking in a room, but it never seems to give way in preaching." Another hearer thus reports her impression: "Mr. Peabody's mother is just dead, and he returned only last evening from the funeral. He looked and spoke as if he had been down into the deep waters, but found them clear and calm, and as if he had come out of them and looked up through the open sky till he had caught a glimpse of heaven; and when he spoke of his entire confidence that we shall meet our friends in Heaven and of his belief in their spiritual communion with us even on earth, truly he spoke as one having

authority, and with an earnest simplicity that went straight to one's heart."

His intellectual interests remained as keen and broad as though his life were not to be soon cut short, and his diary records unremitting industry:

"1855. *Jan.* 25. Have been reading during the last month Comte's Positive Philosophy and Aristotle's Politics as 'pièces de résistance.'

"*Feb.* 10. Read Volume I of Guizot's History of Cromwell and the Commonwealth — admirable.

"*Apr.* 4. Have read Kugler's 2 Vols. on German, French and Spanish Art. Portions of Dante. Jeremy Taylor's Sermons in part, 2 or 3. The old charm with which I read them at 20 or 21 comes back.

"*July* 9. Read Vol. 1 of Life of Lord Metcalfe, Gov. of Canada, Jamaica, and Gov. Gen. of British Indies.

"*Aug.* 24. Have read during week some of Dickens's novels. Goethe's autobiography and Wilhelm Meister, Sydney Smith Vol. 2, etc."

These evidences of intellectual enrichment and widening sympathies indicate composure of mind and serenity of faith. The term of life which he had allotted

for himself was approaching its close, but he was preparing himself for any fate. There was mastery of life through detachment from its vicissitudes. After years of mingled sunshine and shadow there was light at evening-time.

This evening glow became prolonged and mellowed through another happy incident, which brightened the minister's last days. In 1855 "by the kindness of friends," as Ephraim Peabody records in his diary, he spent several months in Europe, and though he travelled fast and far, the exhilaration of this experience revived his vitality and even brought color to his cheeks. He followed the conventional round through England, France, and Italy, to Rome and back, and at each point his observation was alert and his delight unmeasured. With the conscientiousness of most Americans, he applied himself to conventional sight-seeing as a tourist's obligation; but it is evident that the passing scene, the suggestive moment, the emotional reaction, and the poetry of nature and worship, were his real concern, and he dwells on these with lingering delight. Thus on the Rhine: "We walked at twilight along the beautiful road which runs by the river, and the

chimes came from the convent, and we heard the sound of singing, and of oars in the rowlocks of a passing boat." And again of pictures: "The exquisite Correggio has for its Madonna a woman more beautiful than Raphael's, but there is a difference in thought and feeling. Raphael feeds on pure thoughts and simple emotions, as a humming-bird on flowers." And again of nature: "I went to Ambleside to see Miss Martineau. Very hearty in her welcome. . . . Rode by Rydal Lake, by exquisite and simple houses and grounds, all wooded and embowered till we came to the lake on which is Wordsworth's house, not seen from road. In front a little gravel, then steps down, and then an artificial mound called Rydal Mount. From it the most perfect view conceivable, mountains stretching down on right and left, Windermere Lake between, and far in the distance mountains, and over all a transfiguring misty haze. Back of the house steep and high Knob Scar. . . . Then on the other side of the lawn went up to the highest Rydal Fall, where the water shoots out from a gulf of foliage and falls in heaps and rapids down the hill into a deep, embowered, rugged and rocky ravine — like the White Hills, only infinitely richer."

With more passionate enthusiasm he writes of Italy: "Put all the pictures, statues, and landscapes of Italy into New England, and you would have still left behind the real charm — the climate of heaven, the wondrous air which seems to be a sort of fluid, celestial, crystal, and an opening of all your nature to the sense of the beautiful. The beautiful sky, the trickling music in the speech of every Italian girl, the universal grace, — it is something to have lived in and breathed in this universal beauty so long. . . . Till a man has seen Italy and breathed it — the Pitti Palace at Florence and Lake Como and Florence and Venice and the Alps, he cannot be said to have lived."

On his return he gathered up these impressions in an elaborate article of nearly fifty pages in the "North American Review" of 1856, dwelling first upon the æsthetic impressions received in Italy, and then on the political and religious situation at the time. The New Hampshire Puritan yielded himself completely to the emotions of Catholic worship: "As one sits in the dim twilight of the arches, — the soft strains of the distant organ and the scarcely-heard chanting of the priest in the remote chapel floating through the

shadows and mingling with one's musings, — the vast church seems to dilate above, — solemn, magnificent, an abode of the Most High, detached from the fretted and fevered human life without its walls. Beneath such a pile, all men are reduced to an equal level; and while one watches the worshippers of every class scattered over the great space, and kneeling at the different altars, each apart and by himself uttering his devotions, it is impossible not to sympathize with them and with the spirit of the place. You want no words. A sermon, in which man addresses man, would be an offence. It is a temple, not for man's teaching, but for God's worship. One cares not even to hear any distinct utterance of prayer, and is glad that the human expression of the sentiment of devotion is in a foreign tongue. The true language is found in the architecture, and in the solemn cadences of the music; and devotion falls back so much upon its simplest, sublimest, and universal emotions, that no other language is needed. As among great mountains, which alternately oppress you with a sense of sadness and humility, and inspire you with their grandeur, but admit no intermediate feelings, so the natural utterance of the cathedral seems

to be either that of weakness and humble trust, or, while one forgets himself and thinks of God, that of loud thanksgivings, of majestic anthems, and exultant adoration. And the place grows more sacred to you. These walls have stood a thousand years, and in all that time perhaps no day has passed in which desponding hearts have not here sought strength, and sinful hearts implored God for pardon. The atmosphere is throbbing with the profoundest emotions of human souls. You would trifle with yourself, — it would be trifling with humanity no less than with God, — not to regard such a place as holy."

On the other hand, the conditions of Church and State in Italy during that period of Austrian control were not disguised from the traveller by the charm of their surroundings. "Italy is to Austria a conquest ruled for the benefit of the conquerors. If we depart from the ordinary routine, if a few men meet together in the street, or even in a private house, it is assumed that there is something wrong on foot. No one knows in whom to put confidence. This atmosphere of universal and mutual distrust in which the Italians live, creates a state which can be compared to nothing ex-

cept the system of solitary imprisonment. Mutual suspicion divides men more effectually and more sadly than walls of stone. Every friend is treated as if he might be an enemy; and the husband dares not utter his secret thoughts to his wife, lest she should unawares disclose them at the confessional. . . . Doubtless the Italian patriots have often wanted discretion, they have struck madly, blindly, and in the dark; but instead of crying out against their mistakes and extragavancies, we do not see how an honorable Italian can have more than one side, or how he can have any other thought than that of sweeping this brood of brutal soldiery into the sea."

Finally, concerning the rule of the Church, after many paragraphs of appreciation, he sums up his observations as follows:

"Under all these circumstances, it is a fair question to ask, What has the Papacy made of its opportunities and advantages in these States? It has built the sublimest temple ever reared by mortal hands. It has erected large numbers of rich and splendid churches. It has brought together, in the Vatican, the most magnificent collections of ancient and modern art. It has furnished

extensive means for the education of priests. It trains some twenty-five hundred or three thousand young men in its universities, and to a limited extent has provided schools in which the children of the people may receive the first rudiments of instruction. It has established hospitals, and, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, more money is expended in Rome in charity and on charitable institutions, we suppose, than in any other city of the world. But, on the other hand, the great body of the people are poor, ignorant, and superstitious. The agricultural resources of the country are imperfectly developed, its manufactures are not sufficient to supply the wants of the inhabitants, its commerce has hardly an existence, its methods of administering justice are without those guards which furnish the best protection for the innocent, and its popular schools do little more than educate the young to be submissive and unquestioning subjects of Church and State. The charities of Rome are so wretchedly administered, that, large as they are, they apparently create as much pauperism as they relieve. There are five thousand priests in Rome, it is said, and one is tempted to believe that there are as many beggars. The worst prison

in the civilized world is, probably, the great prison of Civita Vecchia. One may there see to-day, among its thirteen hundred convicts, the state of things which existed before Howard lived. The Roman prisons, the mendicancy of the streets, the rude implements of agricultural labor, the absence of enterprise and improvement among the people, scarcely less than the ruins of ancient buildings, carry you back centuries. It is the civilization of the Dark Ages, maintaining itself strangely amidst the growing light and progress of modern times. The improvements of the age in the useful arts, in intercommunication, in the treatment of pauperism and crime, in the education of the young, penetrate slowly into the Papal States. They are not welcomed, but find their way in, if at all, in spite of the prevailing character and tendencies of the Papal rule. It is a melancholy and suggestive fact, that the centre of the Catholic Church, where it has full sway, is one of the least improved parts of Christendom. The Papal government is so little successful even in winning the affection of its subjects, that they are kept in peaceful subjection only by means of a standing army. There is no freedom of the press or of speech in regard either to religion or

government. The people are treated as children, whose thoughts and wills are to be kept under the entire direction of ecclesiastical authority.

". . . We dwell a little on this point because of the idea so commonly entertained, that there is some peculiar connection, which Protestantism does not share, between the fine arts and the Romish faith. How much art in general may owe to the Romish Church, it may be difficult to say. It is much less, however, we suspect, than is sometimes imagined. The condition of the fine arts depends on those general causes, whatever they may be, which, at any period, awaken and rouse to activity the powers of the human mind, and which tend to direct that activity towards art. Thus the unsurpassed wonders of Grecian genius were produced before Christianity existed on earth in any form. If art has flourished in Catholic countries, one reason probably is, that these countries have been commonly subject to despotic governments, under which freedom of thought and action in regard to the most important concerns of life have been very much restricted and hindered. Thus, men of genius, prohibited from the free discussions of religious, political, and social ques-

tions, have sought some compensation in the culture of poetry and music, of sculpture and painting. The mind of the time has turned aside from more important, but dangerous pursuits, to these safer employments. . . .

"In the present state of things, our sympathies are with those, whatever be the name by which they go, who cannot rest, who cannot have peaceful sleep, so long as a foreign flag hangs out its ill-omened folds under the fair heaven of Italy. Our hope lies in the fact that a hundred thousand Austrians scarcely suffice to keep the peace in its northern provinces. The Italian patriots may or may not be Red Republicans, and Mazzini may be, for aught we know, a wilder dreamer than Rienzi; their plans and enterprises may be unwise and ineffectual; but with all their errors they are on the right side. The only fatal mistake is to be on the side of the foreigner, and the hopeless degradation of Italy will not have come till the people willingly and submissively bow their necks to the yoke."

Such were the last rays of sunshine which struck across the minister and his wife before the night of their parting fell. The two following years were a battle-ground, where disease made its intermittent but ad-

vancing assaults and undermined the power of resistance. Looking back on this case of tuberculosis, covering thirty years in its insidious progress, it seems to have been one of the many instances where the knowledge now at command might have arrested the disease. Physical inheritances were sound; early conditions were favorable; no constitutional tendencies or taint threatened vitality. It was the way of life habitually accepted by the ministerial profession — the inactive and sedentary habit which appeared almost prescribed for one whose concerns were with eternity — which made a hemorrhage at the age of twenty-seven a natural and almost an appropriate incident. Even when that first alarm was quieted, and through the twenty-two years which followed, the habits of a minister were too continuously unhygienic to be resisted even by the inherited constitution of a blacksmith. Reasonable precautions, it would seem, might have given such a life another twenty years. Out-of-door life, adjustment to climate, limitation of output — the commonplaces of modern treatment — all were unthought of fifty years ago. A sense of fatality confronted the victim of premonitory symptoms, and he faced his short term of life as an

inexorable destiny. A wearisome journey to Florida, then unprovided with comforts and depressing through solitude, proved worse than fruitless, and the succeeding months were calmly and consciously dedicated to preparation for departure. "As years advanced," wrote his most intimate friend, George Putnam, "and life grew very serious to him, the one thing needful became more and more his absorbing thought of the faith of Christ and the righteousness of God. He appeared to grow jealous (many would think morbidly jealous) of the imaginative tendencies of his mind, and of the rhetorical embellishments of thought and style in which originally he took delight. . . . He was utterly unconscious of the apostolic gravity, simplicity, sincerity and weight of his own presence and character. This gave a charm and a power to whatever he said, though he knew it not. 'He wist not that his face shone.'" He died on Thanksgiving Day, November 28th, 1856.

His widow found herself left with four children, and with scanty means, but surrounded by friends and blessed with prodigious determination and energy. Her daughters were already emerging into womanhood. The education of one son had been provided for by

a gift from the friend in New Bedford who had wished the name of his own dead boy given to the minister's child; the education of the younger son was the subject of amiable competition by the bedside of Ephraim Peabody. One devoted parishioner came to relieve the mind of the dying man from this care, only to be told that another parishioner had just left the house with his offer of the same assistance accepted. Thus armed against fate, the widow began a new chapter of experience, which lasted for thirty-six years. The same twofold nature which she had exhibited in girlhood still persisted to old age, and gave to her home a diversified and dramatic interest. On the one hand the mother remained, as in her earlier years, the brilliant and masterful centre of the domestic and social circle. The home was as definitely as in some primitive tribe under matriarchal rule. The primacy of the mother was unquestioned. Love was not only persuasive but imperative, as though recalling the great maxim: "Thou *shalt* love." "Forget not the law of thy mother," was a rule which no son or daughter was likely to ignore. The same force of will and wit ruled in social life. People of importance sought her com-

panionship and delighted in her conversation. Authors would bring their manuscripts to her and receive with humility her chastening criticisms. The poetry and literature which she had made her own in girlhood were now a resource in solitude and a delight in society. Children would gather round her to say their hymns, but her own selection and her own enunciation were their pattern. Grown people would bring their stories of experience, but her own narratives were more brilliant and pungent. Her conversation was of Byron and Scott, of the West before the railroads, and of Washington before the war; her manner was like the binding of books which her grandfather had imported from England, — unmarred by time and with a refinement of polish which cheapened later art. In her wheel-chair, with its umbrella and its negro attendant, she seemed more like a royal personage whom the passer-by should salute than a decrepit old woman whom he should pity.

In 1871 she had become a victim of progressive arthritis, and soon found herself a helpless invalid, condemned to inactivity and to constant suffering. Yet there was no diminution of activity in her mind or

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will. The same alert appreciation of the beautiful preserved her charm from decay, and she never was more admirable than in old age. No attack of pain could make her unaware of a becoming cap, or unresponsive to a beautiful scene or a clever mind. She had to the last the air of a great lady, and her sick-room something of the character of an eighteenth-century salon.

On the other hand, in singular combination with this survival of her ancestral strain, there persisted throughout these many years of invalidism a most vivid and controlling memory of the early romance which had drawn the young girl away from her frivolities and ambitions, and dedicated her charm to the demands and habits of the ministry. If the rule of the household was hers to hold, that rule was daily administered as she believed her husband would have desired. Each day began with Scripture and prayer; each Sunday was busy with worship and work; each decision was made as under her husband's eye. As age and infirmity began to conquer temperamental vivacity, her mood became one of introspective self-distrust; and she asked herself, even after thirty years of separation, whether she had been worthy of Ephraim Peabody's

love and had sufficiently subdued her agile nature to his grave command. Indomitable in will and sparkling in wit as she remained, the supreme and undiminished passion of her life was to deserve his welcome in a world where disguises would be withdrawn and truth be unobscured. The inclinations of her taste and temperament surrendered themselves to the mild authority of the dreamer from the hills. Wilton had conquered Salem; and the abiding satisfaction of her life during all the long years of solitude was in the minor part she had been permitted to play in a New England Romance. She died in 1892, at the age of eighty-five.

THE END

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